Week ending March 3 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

MONTY

See Page Seven

Personal freshness

and a complexion guarded for loveliness

In Lifebuoy Toilet Soap there's a special ingredient that makes it *extra mild*, extra safe for your complexion. And its *deep-cleansing* lather frees the pores for Personal Freshness every time you bath with it.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

3½d tablet—1 coupon

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Our Super 'Sub' Men SWEAR

by

KOLYNOS!

of course

. . . for whiter, brighter teeth and a clean, fresh mouth. Cultivate that regular twice-a-day Kolynos habit and you, too, will swear by this cleansing and refreshing tooth paste.

IMPORTANT—
USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS: RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.

Obtainable from all Chemists & Stores.

The economical tooth paste

Costume • make-up • dialogue • settings • lighting

—worry, worry, worry

Continuity Girl in a Film Studio—responsible for the thousand-and-one details of script and scene—constantly watchful for errors of costume and character—her nerves on edge all day. She finds great comfort in a cup of Rowntree's Cocoa; and in this she is just like the hard-worked housewife, equally worried by details of rations, points, cooking, cleaning, and clothing. She, too, knows how Rowntree's Cocoa eases tightened nerves and aids digestion. Unlike so many drinks, it contains body-building protein, energy-giving carbohydrate and fat.

Rowntree's Cocoa
soothes frayed nerves

TO PUT THE FLAVOUR INTO THAT STEW USE . . .

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

WE ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST POSSIBLE

In Peace time it is
'Golden Shred'

Now it's
J.R JELLY MARMALADE

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but *quality* cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's a Robertson Product
—you can depend on it

JAMES ROBERTSON & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
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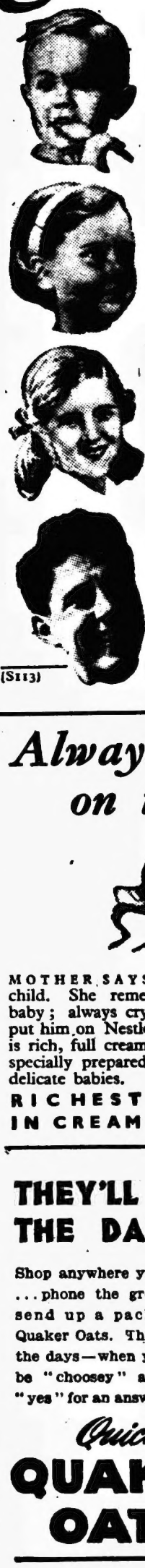
Calling all mothers



The right food and good eating habits lay the foundation of health and happiness

THE CHIEF FACTS to remember in feeding children of any age are:—(1) in proportion to their size, children need more of the body-building foods (milk, meat, fish, cheese and eggs, dried milk and dried eggs) than do adults; (2) children *must* have their full rations and allowances; and that (3) a good helping of green vegetables, either raw in salads or lightly cooked, *every day* is of the greatest importance.

FREE LEAFLETS. There is a series of leaflets—just published—which tell the "why's" and "how's" of planning meals for children from 1 to 17 years of age. The leaflets contain recipes as well as many useful hints. Why not send a postcard for those of interest to you? Please ask for "*How to plan meals for Children*," and be sure to give the ages of your children. Address: Ministry of Food, (Dept. A), Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

An extra for young workers up to 21:
It is National Milk Cocoa: a grand food and a most delicious drink. Supplies are limited, so for the time being, at any rate, National Milk Cocoa is available only to young people up to 21 years of age, and at their place of work. If *your* young people are not getting National Milk Cocoa please urge them to ask about it. It is so important for them, and so nice.

(S113) ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

Supplies, naturally, are not at peacetime levels. In some districts zoning has made O.K. Sauce unobtainable. But, the time is coming, soon we hope, when everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Bring out the flavour with
COLMAN'S MUSTARD

Always on the go

MOTHER SAYS better a scamp to mind than a poorly child. She remembers the trouble she once had with baby; always crying, couldn't digest his food. Then they put him on Nestlé's Milk and all was well because Nestlé's is rich, full cream country milk, Nature's own perfect food, specially prepared to make it easily digestible by the most delicate babies.

RICHEST IN CREAM **Nestlé's Milk**

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

THEY'LL BE THE DAYS!

Shop anywhere you like . . . phone the grocer to send up a packet of Quaker Oats. They'll be the days—when you can be "choosey" and get "yes" for an answer.

Quick
QUAKER OATS

March 3 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2020 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

NEW VOICE FOR PEACE

SOMETHING NEW is happening in world affairs.

We, the ordinary people, are staking a claim to be heard in the counsels of the great.

The world trade union movement is requesting a place at the San Francisco conference of the United Nations on April 25. It asks, not as a favour, but as a right.

This time the workers will not be content to wait humbly outside locked doors while the fate of themselves and their children is decided.

The forty T.U. organisations recently assembled in London spoke for the workers of the world. Their voice must be heard.

If the peoples of the world, who do the dirty work of war, had been more directly represented among the glittering celebrities who contrived the theoretical "peace" of Versailles, this second world war might never have been forced upon them.

Professional peacemakers must not be allowed to lead us into further horrors.

Decisions at the Crimea Conference set the stage for peace, but are certainly no guarantee that the Big Three, alone, will succeed in finding a permanent solution.

Whereas the leaders of trade unionism, sitting at the peace table, would be able to show how the causes of war might be removed—and by removal provide the only sure guarantees of a lasting peace.

ONE OF THOSE causes is the scramble for markets by trade adventurers. The ordinary people therefore demand the control of international cartels and monopolies.

They maintain that no State shall be recognised by the United Nations if its political and economic systems are opposed to the Atlantic Charter. They call for decent conditions for all workers, of whatever colour or country.

These are some of the essentials for the planning of democracy, security and prosperity for all the peoples of the earth.

We must insist upon their acceptance.

The Editor

BIG MOVE TOWARDS WORLD UNITY

Dalton Angers the Blimps. Duncan Sandys Shocks the Commons. Brendan Bracken Looks Ahead. Mr. Mead at 97. Married Women at War. The Derby Favourite

FIRST RESULTS FROM the great Crimean Conference are now appearing. Already it is possible to see the meeting for what it was—a momentous step forward towards future peace.

Now that it is a matter of history—and Parliamentary debate—it is vital that the decisions taken there are implemented, and not forgotten.

If the conference results in real internationalism, in real co-operation between nations, it will have conferred an inestimable boon on stricken Europe.

April and September

Already preparations are advanced for the meeting of United Nations heads at San Francisco in April, when the work started at Dumbarton Oaks will be continued.

At the same time the world T.U.C. has announced that it will reconvene the World Conference for this coming September.

Again is seen that vital spirit of international co-operation which is the most important point to emerge from the Crimean talks.

To-day the vast Soviet nation is wholeheartedly pledged to a policy of internationalism. The importance of that comparatively recent change of policy is enormous.

Stett. Goes South

Meanwhile Stettinius, American Secretary of State, who must be the most travelled of the world's leading executives, is now in Mexico City, after his visit to the Soviet.

There he is busy making sure that the turbulent South American continent is never used as a jumping-off board for further Fascist adventures.

His presence there serves to strengthen the international outlook of those fiery S. American republics.

Thirty Millions Unite

HALF-WAY 'ROUND the world from Mexico, the Crimea and its aftermath has had immensely important repercussions in the Middle East.

An Arab Federation is now being created, helped by the talks Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt had with Arab leaders.

Thus will be removed one of the most difficult problems threatening the future peace.

The Federation will be a vast new business, with six member States. It will consist of Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Iraq, the Lebanon, Syria and the Yemen. It will stretch from the Libyan desert to the Indian Ocean. Its joint population will be over 30,000,000.

When will it come into being? Probably next month.

Allied Offensive

PRECEDED BY AN air offensive on a scale more shattering than any of its predecessors, the Allied Armies in the West have begun the third phase—discussed in advance on this page recently—of the great offensive.

Recent floods—and the von Rundstedt offensive in the Ardennes—slowed things up for some time.

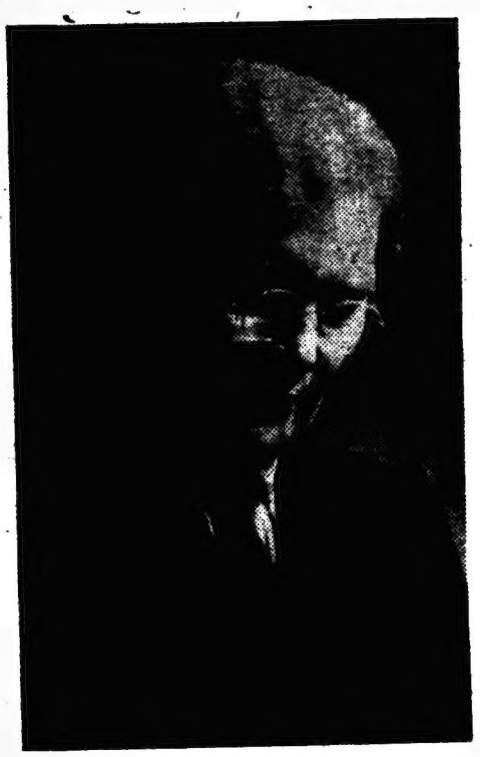
The Nazis themselves have no illusions about what the immediate future holds for them in the West.

Vienna Next Stop?

In the East there are signs that the Russian drive is spending itself in the north, where it is opposite Berlin, and regrouping is obviously necessary, for the army has advanced a long way in a short time.

It may be that the Soviet will concentrate their immediate plans on Vienna, which is about 170 miles from the front, but which offers a prize of immense value.

It might also be that German resistance in the South would be less ferocious.



Brendan Bracken looks thoughtful in this fine study by Karsh of Ottawa. But he feels confident concerning the future

Dalton's Clean Bill

HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, is sponsoring the Distribution of Industry Bill, which aims at preventing the reappearance of distressed areas after the war.

The extreme Right Wing of the Tories is out to crab the measure if it can.

Why? Do the Diehards like depressed areas? Probably not. But they argue that the Bill restricts free enterprise.

So, once again, a few extremists are preaching the Higher Anarchy—that anything goes so long as "freedom" is preserved.

Suspicious Blimps

In fact, this is a Bill of the utmost importance. The "Special Areas" of the 1930's are a lasting memorial to that jungle-like "free enterprise" to which the Blimps pay such ardent lip service.

How many of the clubmen who talk so glibly about Beveridge being "too expensive" and "control" being "repressive" ever went to Gateshead, Jarrow, the Clydeside or South Wales in the bad days?

What does the Bill propose to do? Its main purpose is to arrange for the development of new industries in those areas that were originally dependent on single industries, some of which are only fully employed in war conditions. In some mysterious way this quite laudible aim is "suspicious"—to the Blimps.

JB insurance

"NO FUSS OR BOTHER."

"I fully appreciate your courtesy and fairness in dealing with my claim with no fuss or bother," writes Mr. H. Cooke of Liverpool, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader *COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS*, in addition to *PERSONAL WAR RISK INSURANCE* underwritten at Lloyd's.

Housing Staggers

SLOWLY, PIECE BY PIECE, the glum story of the mess into which rehousing has drifted is being disclosed through official admissions.

Readers of JOHN BULL have been well informed of the true position since this journal first investigated it.

Lord Latham, L.C.C. leader, has now revealed that of 1750 temporary houses which London authorities had been led to expect since January 1, only *four* had been completed.

On the same day Duncan Sandys staggered M.P.s when he calmly told them that the price of the Seco-type huts being used for London's homeless was between £380 and £490.

Shock from Sandys

Then, almost immediately, came a bigger shock. Sandys coolly announced that hopes for any big scheme of temporary rehousing must be abandoned.

Instead, the Government would have to change-over to a programme of building permanent houses.

That, of course, was what most M.P.s—and the whole nation—had been wanting to hear for a long time. But why had there been so much delay, so much uncertainty, so much fumbling?

As some M.P.s at once jumped up to exclaim, the announcement meant sudden adoption of policies that had been urged upon the Government two years ago. So two years have been wasted.

And the few temporary houses that have been, and are to be, built? Well, if M.P.s read page 11 of this week's JOHN BULL, they may have a further shock.

Bracken and Attlee

HOWEVER, THERE IS ROOM for cheer. Two men in high places have been talking of the future—and both endorse JOHN BULL'S view that there is no need for national gloom and self-pity.

Red-headed Brendan Bracken, Minister of Information, is confident concerning the future of British trade. Clem Attlee, Deputy Prime Minister, in one of the finest speeches of his career, gave sound reasons for believing that "we can create conditions of life for all superior to anything previously known."

They won't be created easily. They will call for thorough reorganisation of industry and much more initiative than peace time Governments are usually willing to show.

And they will entail a good deal of that "control" which seems to affright the Diehards. Indeed, there should be no room for Diehards in the Britain of to-morrow!

Can You Vote Twice?

THE SHOCKING ANACHRONISM of plural voting—one vote at home one vote at the boss's business premises—was wrongly allowed to remain in the new voting laws.

Some supposedly "enlightened" Tory

interests were willing to criticise the University vote—although they were careful to do nothing to stop it—but they all agreed to keeping this business man's tit-bit.

Now the new registers are closed, and some thousands of people will be able to vote twice.

Ninety-nine per cent. of those double votes, it is fair to think, will be Tory.

Too Old—at 97?

AT THE AGE OF NINETY-SEVEN Frederick Mead has decided he is too old to continue as chairman of the Marine Society, so he has resigned, but stays on the committee.

"Mr. Mead, of Marlborough Street," the famous old London magistrate, must be the busiest man of his age in the world.

Since he retired from the Bench twelve years ago—after more than half a century as a magistrate—he has been amazingly active.

He played a leading part in a South London housing controversy; he attended the regular meetings of the Marine Court.

He even found time to start a controversy in which he argued that the French word "fiancé" should be abandoned in favour of the old English word "amoret."

War-bred Crime

WAR, WITH ITS ENSUING laxities, always produces lawlessness on the home front.

But how many people noticed this startling juxtaposition of items the other day?

On one and the same morning it was announced that nearly £2,000,000 worth of merchandise had been stolen on the railways in recent months—and three men were seriously wounded in a shooting battle on a London Underground platform.

War-time London is not like peace-time Chicago. Such cases are happily rare.

Grand-Scale Rackets

But war-time Chicago has found a nice new line in organised crime.

In two months, 3,000,000 forged petrol coupons—worth 11,000,000 gallons of petrol—have been received by the rationing authorities Similarly, 50,000,000 forged meat coupons have been found. And about 2,000,000 lb. of sugar have been obtained by racketeers.

It makes even our Black Market men seem as innocent as angels in white.

Mind Your Step

PEDESTRIANS CAN HARDLY complain if, as in the case of other road-users, they are included in the new restrictions forecast by Mr. Noel Baker.

The Government is to make a real (and belated) attempt to reduce the appalling toll of road accidents. One fact alone—that more people have been seriously injured in traffic mishaps since the war started than have been seriously wounded by German bombs and rockets—is sufficient justification for new and stronger measures.

Three on the Clock

SINCE THE WAR the taxi-cab has become more democratic. It is often the only available means of transport, and sharing can reduce its cost.

But sharing between total strangers from London main line stations is providing a fine extra source of income—to the drivers

What happens is simple: three people from, say, the taxi queue at King's Cross are bundled into the same cab, the first man wanting Piccadilly, the next Westminster, and the third Waterloo

In practice, all too often, the driver asks for what is on the clock from all

A GRATEFUL GOVERNMENT THANKS YOU!

three in turn—and gets away with it. Legally, he is only entitled to the final amount and extras.

Sam Enjoys the Joke

MAKING NEWS AGAIN is the subtle Sam Goldwyn, senior independent producer in the movie world. He is in London on an economic mission for the U.S. Government.

Goldwyn is the man whose alleged "howlers" and malaproprisms are a stock source of wisecracks.

In fact, Goldwyn is quiet, thoughtful, and possessed of a rare mixture of commercial drive and artistic sense.

He enjoys the Goldwyn jokes, shrewdly realising their publicity value to his films.

Must Crooners Live?

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE the B.B.C. gets worried about song-plugging—the business whereby publishers pay bands and singers for producing a number in a broadcast.

Song-plugging has now reached such a pitch that the publishers themselves met a few days ago—to see if they could curb the high fees singers were demanding for advertising the songs on the air.

The crooners themselves have a simple argument. They say that B.B.C. fees are notoriously inadequate, so they have to make the money up somehow.

Even a crooner must live, they think.

Derby Favourite

UP IN YORKSHIRE, wintering well and putting on a lot of muscle, is the most discussed thoroughbred in the country—Dante.

This remarkable horse, unbeaten, and only once even extended as a two-year-old, is favourite for this year's Derby.

Matt Peacock, who trains him, says he is the best horse he has ever had, and Billy Nevett, who rides him, says the same thing.

The one problem is—will this spectacular son of Nearco stay twelve furlongs? The North has no doubt on the point.

Mansions for Mixing

THERE HAS BEEN a lot of talk about what is called the "Cissbee Scheme"—which introduces special psychological tests for the Civil Service.

Under this plan candidates for high honours on the executive will have to attend a sort of "country house brains trust," where they will be watched by experts.

Their off-duty behaviour and their ability as "good mixers" will be noted in determining their suitability for a big job.

The Treasury is actually taking over a large country mansion with grounds for the purpose.

Varsity Men Only

Psychology tests have been applied very successfully in the selection of officers during the war. They may well prove of equal value in peace, but there are other kinds of "test" about which we feel less happy.

There will be a yearly intake of about 700 in the administration class—and the Government is pledged to see that 75 per cent. of them are ex-Service men and women.

But candidates are limited to 'Varsity people. Ex-Servicemen must have done one year at college and be prepared to go back for another.

Why the bar against non-University men?

Doing Their Share

ERNEST BEVIN has revealed some remarkable figures about the part married women have played in the war effort.

They deserve the utmost publicity, for they help to nail a popular gibe.

There is an idea around that young childless married women and young widows have given less than their fair share to the general war effort.

The facts? Not less than 1,355,000 women in these two categories are working in industry.

Women's Fine Hospital

HOW MANY PEOPLE realise that London has a large hospital run for women by women?

Yes, the South London Hospital for Women, which is now planning to build new maternity wards, is entirely staffed by women doctors and nurses.

Appropriately enough, a woman—Mrs Joan Bailey—is organising a campaign to raise the £100,000 which will pay for the new developments.

At the hospital at Clapham Common she will accept donations from both sexes!

WORKERS AND THE PEACE

Special Personal Messages to JOHN BULL from SIDNEY HILLMAN, leader of the American delegates to the World Trade Union Conference in London

THE World Trade Union Conference has been successful even beyond my own high expectations.

I came to London with great hopes of positive achievements. I return to the United States with the conviction that I have taken part in an historic event that will leave its mark on the future of mankind.

Never before had representatives of so many millions of organised workers come together from all parts of the globe in such a spirit of sincere collaboration, irrespective of nationalities, races, religions and political creeds.

They have laid down the plans for a better world of peace, justice, freedom and prosperity, in which they are determined to wield the influence and to enjoy the share to which the working classes are entitled after their achievements and sacrifices in the great struggle against Nazism, Fascism, and Militarism.

Victory would not have been possible without their wholehearted effort on the battlefields, in the factories, and in the underground struggle.

Sidney Hillman

The world of the future can only be made safe against war and misery through international collaboration not only in the political, but also in the economic field.

The workers organised in the free trade unions of the world have a greater experience and an older tradition of international co-operation than any other section of human society.

Without such a co-operation the nations would soon relapse into economic, political, and national rivalries.

The scramble for trade markets may result in temporary advantages for those nations which manage to push the others off their markets, but such short-sighted, selfish policy leads nowhere, except to war. And now we know that another war would destroy human civilisation and happiness for ever.

Our World Trade Union Conference has shown another way—that of international understanding and planning. Its achievements should not be hailed from a narrow Labour point of view, for they are bound to benefit all classes.

I am confident that our work will enjoy the active support of all progressive forces in the world.

CRY OF THE CHILDREN

It is not enough to be shocked by cases of cruelty to children. JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, WILLIAM J. GAGE, has completed his nationwide investigation into the fate of children "protected" by the Law. His report, which begins on this page, is available to the Committee just set up by the Government to examine this grave problem

CASES OF CRUELTY or neglect are increasing, and our laws, so quick to guard property, afford curiously inadequate defences to the ill-used child.

Six months' imprisonment on summary conviction, or a fine of £25, or both—the penalties for cruelty to children are meagre, especially since magistrates tend to apply only the monetary clause.

Clearly some stiffening of the law—and of the magistrates—is called for. But it is not enough to stiffen the law.

Children "in need of care and protection" don't always get it just because a few magisterial words have been uttered consigning them to foster care or to an "approved" home.

A Spartan Regime

A cynic once said of approved homes "so-called because they are the sort of homes of which no one could possibly approve." But let us be fair. Despite great war time difficulties, many are competently run.

There are some homes, however—far too many—of which it is hard to write calmly.

During the last few weeks I have been checking up once more on an institution unfortunately typical of many, an old decaying mansion in the West Country, which houses boys and girls.

The religious folk who run it have good intentions—the sort with which the road to hell is paved. They believe in iron discipline, moral persuasion, copious uplift, combined with a Spartan régime. Comfort is to them a device of the devil for weakening moral fibre. The rules are about as stringent as rules can be.

No visiting is allowed "on Saturdays, Sundays, or public holidays"—that is, on any day on which the average parent can possibly make the trip. No visit can be made without at least seven days' notice. Not more than two persons may visit an inmate on any day, and in no circumstances may a boy or girl leave the premises with a visitor, even for a short walk.

As for letter-writing, many of the poor children cannot write legibly, and in any case have no one to write to; but those who are perfectly well able to send a letter may do so *only once a month*, and then under close supervision. Inquiries from parents and relatives cannot be answered more than once a quarter—unless the child is sick, in which event the parents are likely to receive only the barest statement of the fact. This sort of thing in the twentieth century!

Known to the Police

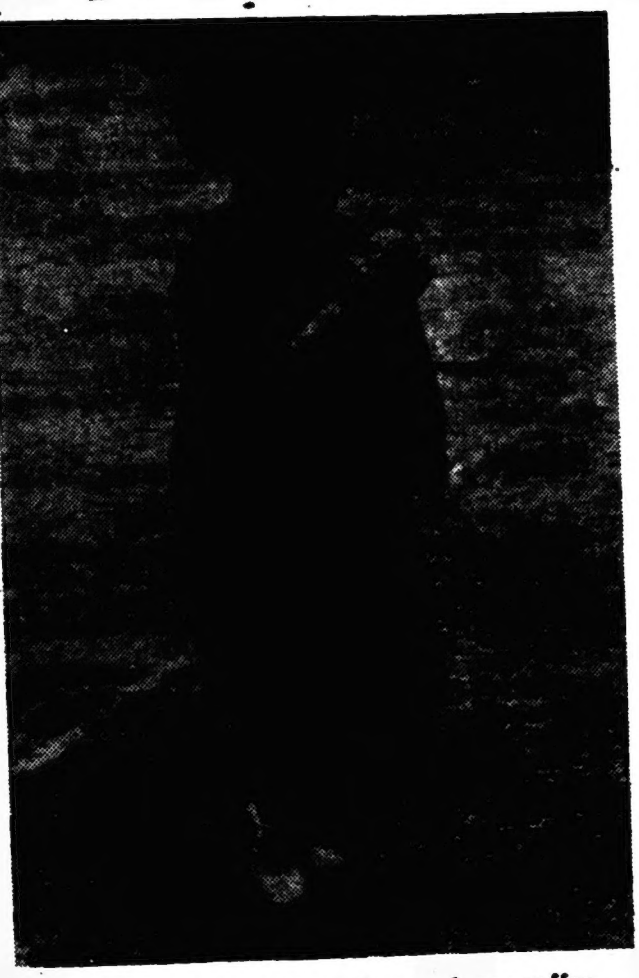
This sort of thing in the twentieth century!

One boy committed to this home by a bench of elderly magistrates—he was accused of stealing a sack of potatoes which it was proved his puny arms could not possibly have lifted over the fence—was later examined by a "visiting committee" whose piety and extreme age were their only qualifications for the task. They solemnly declared him mentally deficient—though he was only backward through loss of schooling.

For nineteen years he stayed in the home, working at odd jobs, learning practically nothing, hymn singing, miserably wasting his time with other inmates as wretched as himself. He was twenty-nine when his case came to my notice.

A well-known M.P. and a Medical Officer of Health were among those I asked to investigate. All those who examined him declared him "perfectly normal." I went to the Home Office. That poor, unhappy boy was instantly freed.

This boy, of course, had a "criminal" record. He had been involved in the mysterious affair of the sack of potatoes and thus was "known to the police." Doubtless a harsh régime was necessary



Children by the tens of thousand are suffering hardship in so-called homes. This little girl is luckier than most—but we must ensure that all are made equally safe from harm

to curb such infant wickedness! But many of the children sent to approved homes are innocent of any breach of the law.

They come from unsatisfactory homes, or from no home at all. They are orphaned, illegitimate, or otherwise unwanted. They may be deemed in danger of corruption from their environment, an environment which, it is well to remember, they did not choose.

I saw recently in Brixton Jail a good-looking young fellow. He had never known his father—"Dad died just before I was born." His mother was the sort of woman who has no time for children. He was found wandering the streets at the age of ten.

"In need of care and protection," he was placed in a Surrey orphanage. I wish you could have heard him recall, as I did, in words which bore the obvious stamp of truth, his memories of that unhappy "home." Constant repression, hours of idleness, meals in ordered silence, so much religion that he sickened at the thought of it. "They kept on telling me—*me*, how grateful I ought to be to God!"

Since he never had a penny of his own, he began to steal small things and convert them into coppers. Arrest. Juvenile Court. Remand Home. The usual routine.

"A good lad before he went to the orphanage," the Probation Officer said.

Months passed while his case was under consideration. Three times he escaped from the Remand Home. "You are uncontrollable," the magistrate told him when he was brought up again for theft. He has since been in two prisons, and it is feared he is headed for a life of crime.

Cruelty is the least of the perils facing children in makeshift "homes." There are considerable moral dangers. For hymn singing is sadly deficient as a moral disinfectant, and when all types are herded together, the youngster guilty of some comparatively minor transgression may be placed among offenders of definitely criminal bent.

Herded with Imbeciles

From all parts of the country the story is the same. In Manchester, so great is the need for remand homes, that recently a *monthly average of twenty-two alleged offenders, all under the age of 17, have had to be remanded in jail.*

What is perhaps worse, irrefutable evidence has been gathered and submitted to the Home Office of institutions where young persons under detention have been herded together with men and women in advanced stages of imbecility. There was nowhere else to put them, it was naïvely explained.

These young people, remember, had been taken from their homes because the law considered it necessary to care for them. But what surroundings, however degrading, could be worse than those which the law in its wisdom had itself supplied?

I am sometimes asked how it is that Government inspection has not revealed abuses which my own investigations have uncovered. The answer is simple. Even in peace time the official inspectors have far too much to do. So when it comes to charitable concerns there is a great temptation for them to rely on the visiting committees.

The "Institution Child"

Now, the patronising visits of these elderly ladies and gentlemen are always notified in advance, so a big show is put on for the occasion. I know one place, for example, where toys and games are brought out specially for the great day. "The children would soon break them if they had them every day," is the explanation.

Again, there is a home in Kent, upheld by voluntary contributions and endowments, and by payments from local authorities who are glad to send their unwanted children there.

I am far from hostile to religion and know from first-hand knowledge what a power for good it can be in right hands. But as I absorbed the atmosphere of this institution my heart sank.

The rigid discipline, the narrow piety, the long services, the endless punishments for minor offences—it took you back to the days of Dickens and I would give much to have his pen at my disposal to tell you all I felt and saw.

Members of the staff have resigned because they couldn't stand it. The inmates can't resign. They "grin" and *bear* it.

They don't grin very much, though. Smiles are few in that unlovely place, where you can be caned for calling good night to your chum after lights out, and where you can be let out as labour to tradesmen, but get only a small proportion of your earnings, and this reduced by all manner of petty fines.

These boys have a tough time, but even worse is another home where young girls spend nine or ten hours a day washing and ironing. Until work is done—it's spoken of as "training"!—the girls must sit all day *in absolute silence*!

If there were no other evidence, one fact should serve to condemn the homes, official and unofficial, in which the unwanted youth of Britain is so callously imprisoned. It is that the students of child psychology can tell almost at a glance the "institution child."

Wooden, yet always watchful, overwhelmed by interrogation, pathetically eager to please, these children are the victims of a law which seeks to care for them, yet is powerless to supply the one thing they are needing—love.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. Assheton is badly scared—but the nation isn't

Mr. Ralph Assheton, M.P.,

Chairman, Conservative Party

DEAR SIR,—The politician, out to influence voters, may be forgiven many minor sins of omission and exaggeration. Such rhetorical lapses are, after all, part of the political game. But when a man so politically eminent as yourself cites the collapse of the Roman Empire as a warning against the perils of social planning, the minor sin becomes a major peril in itself.

By drawing a parallel between the decadent last days of the Roman Empire, which fell because of excessive taxation, soft living, and lack of productive energy, and of the possibility of a similar collapse of Britain, you insult an invigorated nation and certainly do no good to the political cause you wish to promote.

You and some others in the Conservative Party are evidently scared of planning. You believe "there is a limit to the amount of planning from above which can be borne without loss of vitality and initiative."

One of your supporters is Sir Archibald Southby, M.P. for Epsom, who preaches: "Surely instead of advocating the plunder of one section of society for the benefit of another, greater and more lasting advantages would be achieved by encouraging increased ownership of wealth and property, and fewer applicants for State-provided security?"

What you and people like Southby really mean, I think, is clear.

You resent the passing of the old order. You want the vast majority of the men and women of this country still to toil without guarantee of fair reward and of security in old age.

You would prefer a continuation of the bad old days—when mismanagement of industry and unfettered commercial "enterprise" put millions on the "dole" and brought misery and hunger to countless families.

The only "danger" in social planning is the threat it might make to industrial exploitation.

The nation isn't scared about it.

Nor are the more enlightened members of your own Party. Nor is any man or woman who sees in planning the natural vindication of the country's right to progress towards a more just and more decent social order. As for the Roman Empire—tell that story to the Marines!—JOHN BULL.

Major-General J. Vaughan,

Maes-y-Bryner, Dolgelley

DEAR GENERAL,—You might have been an authority on fighting men in the Boer War and the last war. But your recent speech as president of the Wales Area Conference of the British Legion suggests that you are out of touch with the Tommy of to-day.

"I don't think," you said, "the men in Holland or in Italy are looking forward to the bright new world with a bathroom in every house. I think they will be satisfied with something very much less."

Perhaps—has the thought occurred to you?—the men coming back from the front will have had just a little too much of dirt and filth and general scruffiness. Perhaps they will prefer a clean as well as a brave new world. And maybe, despite the views of generals and others, they'll see that they get those bathrooms.

I think there'll be the devil of a row if they don't. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. Craven Griffiths,

Secretary, North Midlands Regional Price Regulation Committee

DEAR SIR,—Because of your racket-smashing activities black marketeers have put you "on the spot." They could pay no greater compliment to the successful way in which, for the past four years, you have worked to protect the public from the swindling methods of these profiteers.

You are the first regional official to be threatened by these robbers—no doubt because you show results not obtained by other regional price control authorities; and also because you are utterly fearless in your methods.

I wish other regional secretaries were as determined and as ruthless as you are. The slick gentry out to exploit the public understand and respect only one thing—force. That's why they threaten you with force. But they won't carry out their threats.

In a good English phrase "they haven't the guts." —JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

MENTAL FASCISTS

WE ALL KNOW by this time that whatever the word "Fascist" may have meant to its originator, it just means to us a plain bully. A mental Fascist, therefore, is a mental bully. Does the cap fit? Only you can say!

There is no doubt that it fits an awful lot of people—people who go about trying to impose their ideas and their personalities on others.

Of course, it is done in a very kindly way. It's all done for the best.

It's done because they're quite sure that their ideas are better than yours, and their personalities so superior that the mere aura of them will do you good. Oh, yes—it's all done in the very nicest possible way.

But it's mental bullying, none the less.

None of us is so wonderful that he can undertake the burden of running the world. We haven't even enough time to spare to run our own neighbourhood. We have barely enough time to even *think* of carrying someone else around, let alone really *doing* it.

This sort of thing is not our job. Our job is to run ourselves, look after ourselves, improve ourselves, fit ourselves into the world around us as best we can.

"You have no business," said someone, "trespassing beyond the confines of your own individuality. In so trespassing, you are guilty of impertinence." It could hardly be better put.

Rt. Hon. R. S. Hudson, M.P.,

Minister for Agriculture

DEAR MR. HUDSON,—A Kent farmer the other day sent to Covent Garden 32¼ cwt. of savoy cabbage. He got for his trouble a net total of 23s. 3d.—or 1s. for about each 160 lb. At least forty times this price was paid by the housewife searching for greens at a time of seasonal shortage.

This case is only one of many which can be cited as proof of the need for a more efficient distribution and sale of farm and market garden produce. Marketing conditions are appalling—wasteful, badly organised, and lacking in directive.

Why not set up a Marketing Board to handle this vital part of the nation's food production?

The grower would be better paid and more contented. The housewife would be better served and would pay less. And the prohibitive gap between producer and consumer would be considerably decreased.

The success of the Milk Marketing Board shows what can be done in this direction.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Nathan,

Wilton Crescent, S.W.1

DEAR LORD NATHAN,—We have lived on promises and hopeful talk too long. As you said recently in the House of Lords: "There is an overriding need for speed in putting the White Paper proposals on social and industrial insurance into law."

All of us, including members of the Government, recognise that the need grows more pressing as the end of the war approaches. Yet, for a reason not explained, the Government will not fix a day, and tell us when this great social plan is to be put into operation.

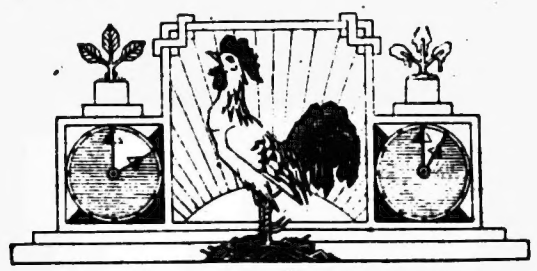
Nor do we know when family allowances will begin —or when the school-leaving age will be raised.

That the war must come first is no longer a valid excuse for these postponements. The nation is tired of pious promises. It wants a time-table for reforms.—JOHN BULL.

Argument

DAYLIGHT SAVING?

The farmers are protesting against Double British Summer Time, and M.P.s are to raise the matter in the House. Should it continue?



for

1. D.B.S.T. first came into force on May 4, 1941, after careful consideration by Government experts of the case for and against.
2. It was considered that the extra hour of daylight would mean a general speeding up of the war effort, especially in factories, docks and marshalling yards.
3. The device is simply a means of adjusting hours of work to hours of daylight. Rather than alter all our customary times of duty we move the clock.
4. The change gives the city worker more daylight leisure, which means more allotment work and better general health.
5. It is true that animals don't know of the changed clock, so don't adjust their lives to it, but inconvenience to farmers must be balanced against the gain of the nation as a whole.

against

1. Efficiency calls for the adjustment of hours of work to best advantage, trade by trade. D.B.S.T. is, in effect, a compulsory adjustment of all working hours, without discrimination.
2. You soon reach a point in daylight-saving where you lose as much light at the start of a day as you save at the end of it.
3. During haytime and corn harvest farm-workers waste the extra hours waiting for the dew or mist to disperse.
4. Farmers complain that crops suffer, their wives that they're overworked, the workers that they finish too late to get their beer.
5. D.B.S.T. gives extra daylight to some industries, but less to others. That is, the Government saddles some employers with extra lighting charges.

MONTY

Ready for the Knock-Out

"Into the ring let us go!" This, on the eve of what may be the final battle, was Field-Marshal Montgomery's inspiriting call to his troops. The phrase was typical of that strange, unconventional genius on whom our soldiers' lives depend. Here he is, man and soldier, magnificently pictured by war-correspondent VICTOR THOMPSON

ONE OF FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY'S favourite words is "Tidy." "Rommel was not a very tidy general," he will say. Or, "The first thing I did was to get the ttle tidy."

If I had to give a picture of Monty in one ord, that is the one I would choose.

He comes into a room with a tidy kind of lk. He stands tidily, composed and assured, fore his audience. He makes tidy gestures.

"I took a corps from the north," he will say, ucking neatly at the air in front of him, "and aced it in the gap." His tidily grouped fingers ake the motion of putting a peg deftly into a le. "The front looked much tidier after that."

Tidy. Everything must be tidy. I hope he ver sees the mess around my camp bed. I am re he must have been scorning the untidiness Nature when I saw him the other day looking the horrible mud of the Reichswald Forest.

His Human Understanding

How does this Apostle of Order get on with e war correspondents, those most untidy, unilitary men who make colonels shudder because ey ask questions out of turn, who, dammit, sir, ant to bang typewriters all over the place, who e in a perpetual morass of changed plans which e bewildered (and very tidy) officers of Public elations will never, never understand?

He gets on extraordinarily well with them.

He seems to know better than most generals at you, sir or madam, are paying for this war d working to keep his armies supplied. He ems to understand that he is finally answerable you, that you are entitled to know about the r your brothers are fighting.

So he talks to you through the Press, not as ten as correspondents would like, but fully and th truth. Let me sketch one of his Press conrences for you so that you may get an impreson of how he reports to you *via* the newspapers f the background to those headlines which say, Monty says all goes well."

He is four paces inside the crowded schoolom before we realise he has arrived. He is a nall man and is hidden by taller figures around e door. He walks briskly to the dais and stands ere, quite still, surveying us all with those arching eyes of his—those cold, blue eyes which elie the perpetual but slight smile.

Showmanship in War

He puts his hands behind his back—tidily out the way—and begins by making some remark out his dress, which, as usual, is unorthodox. he last time he wore a paratroop's maroon beret d camouflaged smock. Almost he pirouetted to ow us how the beret looked, but I do not think was altogether vanity which made him assume were eagerly interested in his clothes.

He knows better than most commanders the lue of stamping his personality on the minds his men and the public. Unlike Wavell and exander and most of the other British generals have met, he is something of a showman, not himself but because he has decided that his needs a little showmanship.

He says, "I believe you will be more comfortle if you smoke. You know I don't. But please ahead."

I hear afterwards that he consulted a staff ficer about the advisability of breaking his nosmoking rule. Perhaps because he knew that most of us had caught cold in the bitter Dutch winter he also waived his ban on coughing. At conference with his officers he used to give them five minutes for coughing. "After that there will be no more," he would say—and after that there was not a cough.

This time, after any cough, he goes back over the sentence he is uttering to make sure no word is lost. He does it without missing a single cough for more than an hour.

He talks of his campaigns with almost excessive simplicity and with more full stops than most men use.

"That corps was intended for offensive action. But it was swallowed up. I set to work again. I managed to form it again. By a regrouping process. But pressure was such that it again began to disappear into the defensive battle action. I said, 'Come on.' I formed it again. It was put into the battle offensively. I looked round. I said to myself, 'Don't hurry. You have to get this right. You have to have a well-balanced, tidy show. When you are mixed up in a big show.'"

And so on. The thin voice breaking the simple sentences into short lengths commands complete attention. So do those electric eyes. So does that keen face you feel you could chop wood with.

And the confident smile—one would call it cocky in a lesser man—indicates that Monty knows he is fully entitled to every man's complete attention wherever he is. Monty does not underestimate himself, even though I think he is often secretly amused at the great figure that is now cut by the chap he used to know as an ordinary little boy and an ordinary Army major.

Some Call It Luck

His metaphors are not inspired and they are often mixed, but that does not worry him. He will say things like, "When we have hit him for six that is the time to score the knock-out." He talks burglariously about breaking in. When he has broken in he writes off the enemy. Then he breaks out. Then he "swoops" (and such is his influence he has got me writing in his own staccato style).

He makes it all seem so simple. But he also gives clear hints of the indefatigable patience required to achieve simplicity, to make a battlefield "tidy."

There are people who say that Monty is a lucky general; that he took over when at last we had superiority of numbers and metal; that we might have done better if he had taken risks. Well, Napoleon preferred lucky generals to clever but unlucky ones. And the Low Countries are studded with the graves of soldiers whose generals took risks.

Monty, as seen by Holl, still wears the 8th Army badge. Why not? He will always be remembered for his grand victories in the Western Desert

At all his conferences Monty clearly shows his determination not to waste lives even if it means that the war must last a little longer.

"I love the British soldier with a deep affection," he says. "With God's help we will see this thing through."

Unlike most Britons, he can talk about religion and sentimental things without any embarrassment.

Having put the public "in the picture" he answers a few questions and says: "Is that all right? Is that what you want?"

The conference ends and we stand while the Field-Marshal walks tidily out of the room—back, perhaps, to his caravan to stare at the photographs of Von Rundstedt which adorn it and to try to pierce with those striking eyes into the mind of his adversary.

Strange . . . Harsh . . . Inspiring

A strange man, sometimes a harsh man, but one who has sternly disciplined himself as well as others and one who can inspire other people with something of his own enthusiasm.

When he has left a Press conference most correspondents feel that they want to dash off in all directions and report the war with redoubled energy. They feel as the troops do when Monty passes by up at the front in his open car.

"Looks cheerful, doesn't he?" soldiers say to each other. "We must be doing all right. Come on, let's get a move on."

If Monty is a showman, that is why he is a showman. He is too calculating a man to put on an act out of mere egoism.

What the Other Man Thinks of Him

A German broadcast on January 8, 1945: "In the three weeks since Montgomery tackled the German Ardennes offensive he has transformed it into a headache for Rundstedt. It is the most brilliant and difficult task he has yet managed."

Marshal Rommel, in a "pep talk" to Western Wall defenders, May 6, 1944: "Before El Alamein, General Montgomery instructed his soldiers to kill the Germans wherever they met them. Because of this order wounded Germans were murdered. Such orders are an insult to soldierly feeling. We are conducting the war decently."

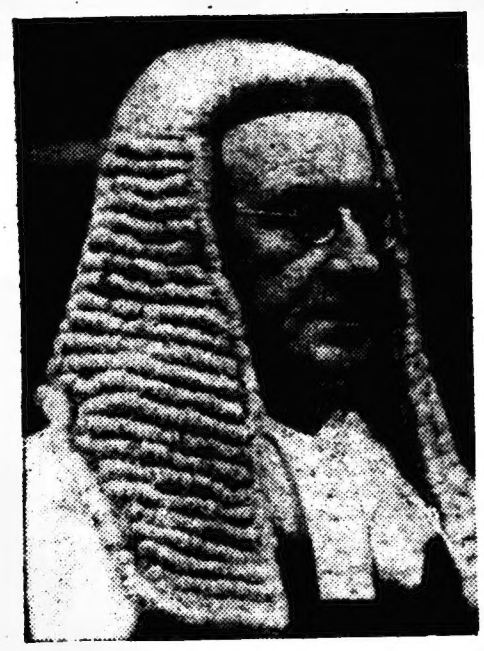
A colonel on Rommel's staff in the Western Desert, 1942: "He is a mathematical machine. Everything he does is so precise, so calculated and thorough."

General Thoma, captured in the Western Desert battles: "Our intelligence dossier described him as a very hard man, quite ruthless, also that we could expect something new in tactics from him. We got it—and it was too much for us."

LIFE OR DEATH

The decision depends on the signature of one man

by STANLEY BISHOP



Mr. Justice Charles, who condemned Jones and Hulten to death, sent his views privately to Mr. Morrison

Convicted of murder at the age of 18½, Elizabeth Jones has her name on a fateful white card

The Home Secretary sits alone with the prisoners' files at his fine mahogany desk, weighing the issues

LIFE OR DEATH! The alternative depends on the signature of one man.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary, leans a little sideways in his desk chair, and presses a bell-push. To the private secretary, who answers the summons from an adjoining room, he says, "Please bring me the papers on Elizabeth Jones and Karl Gustav Hulten."

For the few minutes before the files are brought the eyes of the Minister rest on two white cards in a rack near his desk.

These slips of card are the tokens which, from the day a prisoner is condemned to death in an English court, remind the Home Secretary that, by custom and usage, he holds the prerogative of the King's Mercy.

On one occasion in the past there were as many as eleven little white cards before a Home Secretary.

Each card carries the name of the individual under sentence, with the date of appeal and the result, and the date of execution as fixed by the sheriff of the county in which the murder was committed.

Upon the frame which holds the cards this quotation is engraved:—

Lord Simon's Words

"You cannot take too much forethought before deciding that a man should die."

Sir John (now Lord) Simon had those words engraved when he was at the Home Office.

Nobody to-day knows what was the origin of those white card reminders. They certainly date back for more than 160 years.

It used to be the practice to allow three clear Sundays between conviction and execution. Now, with inevitable appeals intervening in murder cases, a time of two Sundays between the dismissal of an appeal and hanging is usual.

During that period the Home Secretary faces the decision which he alone can make—life or death. It is an ordeal disliked by all Home Secretaries, but it must be faced.

Some years before the war the suggestion was made by an ex-Home Secretary that the responsibility should be shared by a commission of three: the Minister, a Judge of the High Court of the King's Bench, and another.

Then another scheme was proposed that there should be a special committee to advise the Home Secretary on death sentences, or with whom he could consult. This advisory tribunal was to be formed of two King's Bench judges, a prison governor of long experience, and a prominent alienist.

Neither of these plans passed beyond the idea stage.

Morrison Weighs it Up

Consequently, Mr. Herbert Morrison sits alone with the files on his fine mahogany desk. He sits at the end of a long, heavily panelled room, with big curtained windows, above Whitehall. There is a tremendous carpet on the floor. A battery of telephones is at his hand, including an apparatus which "scrambles" conversation so that he can talk secrets without any risk from a tapped wire.

There is a deep settee and some armchairs. At the other end of the room is an oblong table with chairs round it ready for small conferences with such people as the chief permanent officials—Sir Alexander Maxwell, Permanent Under-Secretary, and Sir Frank Newsam, Deputy Under-Secretary, and others.

On the files is all the relative information about Elizabeth Jones and Karl Hulten which the Minister requires in making up his mind. It includes a private communication from Mr. Justice Charles, who tried the case, giving his views on the jury's recommendation to mercy for the young woman.

Rarely is a jury's recommendation disregarded by a Home Secretary. Occasionally, however, this may happen when there are special circumstances beyond the knowledge of the jury, or if a jury has been obviously swayed by oversentiment.

The Home Secretary's problem in a case such as that of Jones and Hulten is more than ordinarily difficult. Had the woman been a year younger she could not have been hanged under English law. She could not, in fact, have been sent to penal servitude.

The question of youth is always a problem. Sex does not, in law, affect the issue.

No matter what the personal feeling of a Home Secretary may be on the question of capital punishment, no Home Secretary, while capital punishment is the law, would reprieve a woman simply because she was a woman.

Youth must necessarily count in the balance. Yet how much can youth weigh when there is evidence that a woman was the instigator of a scheme to commit a felony in the course of which a man was brutally killed? And when there is evidence that she assisted in other crimes involving violence?

How will popular feeling consider these matters?

If the woman is reprieved, why not the man whom she is shown to have influenced? If one should hang, why not both. And in the Hulten case there is a further complication. The man is a foreigner—a soldier of our great ally.

Fateful Signature

Facts like these, awkward facts, the Minister weighs as he turns the files and ponders. But justice must be done. The Home Secretary holds the final scales.

Once he has reached a conclusion, his private secretary is called. The Minister will dictate, then sign his name. If there should be a reprieve, then a certificate will be sent by hand to the governor of the prison.

The Sheriff who, in theory, is responsible for the executions if they are to take place, will be informed. The prisoner's lawyer must also be told.

There is an instance in the annals of the Home Office of a murderer in Southern England being reprieved because there was some element of doubt in the mind of the then Home Secretary. The certificate of reprieve reached the prison governor just as he came away from the condemned cell, where he had listened to a full confession of the murder by the man under sentence.

In the case of another young woman—Edith Thompson, who was found guilty with her lover, Frederick Bywaters, of the murder of her husband—a most dramatic last appeal was made to Mr. Walter Bridgeman, the Home Secretary.

The solicitor for Edith Thompson was so convinced that there might be a miscarriage of justice that, on the Sunday before the execution, he travelled down to Shropshire and sought an interview with Mr. Bridgeman in his country house.

Edith Thompson . . .

For an hour the solicitor talked, pleaded and argued. The Home Secretary listened in his study over the dying embers of a wood fire.

That case was as difficult for the Home Secretary as that of Elizabeth Jones. The solicitor did the best that any man could. But Edith Thompson was hanged.

Only in one case of reprieve has the murderer, after release from the long term of imprisonment which is the exchange for cancelled execution, come again into police hands and been sent back to prison for another serious offence. That was Charles Lee, the Babbacombe murderer, nicknamed "the man they could not hang."

Reprieve from execution formally means imprisonment for life. But reprieved murderers are usually very good conduct prisoners. Consequently, "life imprisonment" generally means about fifteen years in jail. Sometimes it is even less.

A reprieve for a girl of eighteen means her probable release when she is about thirty years of age. She would serve her term at Aylesbury Prison. It is there that all women convicted of murder and reprieved are sent. There have been as many as twenty murdresses in Aylesbury Jail at one time.

The King's Position

How the Home Secretary regards his duty can best be indicated in the words of a former Home Secretary, Lord Gladstone, when he told Parliament: "It would be neither desirable nor possible to lay down hard-and-fast rules as to the exercise of the prerogative of mercy.

"Numerous considerations—the motive, the degree of premeditation or deliberation, the amount of provocation, the state of mind of the prisoner, his physical condition, his character and antecedents, the recommendation or absence of recommendation from the jury, and many others—have to be taken into account in every case; and the decision depends on a full review of a complex combination of circumstances, and often on the careful balancing of conflicting considerations."

According to the Constitution, only the King can pardon or reprieve. But actually the King in practice has no responsibility. He simply acts on the advice of his Home Secretary.

So it is the one man only who takes the decision—Life, Death—which?

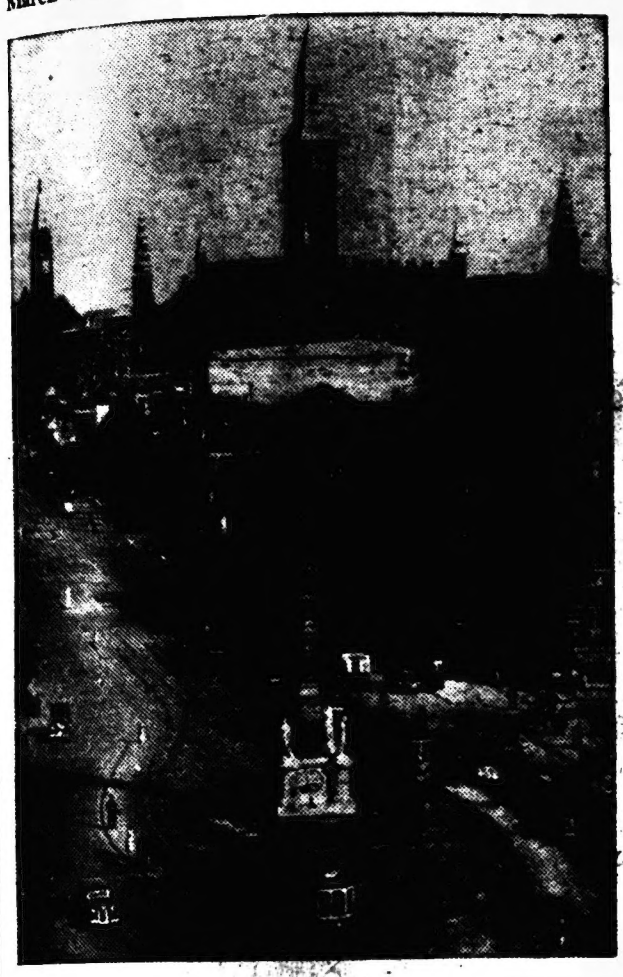
Statistics of the Home Office show that there is one chance in three of reprieve for a convicted murderer. That is a balance over a long number of years and the proportion remains constant.

A factor which affects this ratio is the number of convicted persons who, after trial and sentence, are found to be mentally unbalanced and in the medical sense "insane."

With persons who commit murder by poisoning there is rarely a reprieve.

NO FUTURE FOR NEUTRALS

by A. G. GARDINER



Copenhagen, Denmark's spacious capital, was easily over-run by the Germans in April, 1940. But its people could not be subjugated

AS THE END APPROACHES, the isolation of Germany becomes arctic. She has not a friend left in all the world, save her accomplice in crime, Japan.

Her satellites have been lopped off one by one, Italy, Finland, Rumania, Bulgaria. Her hideous yoke has been lifted from her victims, France, Belgium, Greece, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia. And the neutrals are tumbling off the fence in their eagerness to be in at the finish.

It is no longer Britain alone against an embattled Europe. It is Germany alone against the world.

The reflection that emerges is indisputable. If the nations of the world—the United States and Russia no less than others—had been as united in action in 1939 as they are to-day there would have been no war. They were as united in spirit then as now, for no country desired to be enslaved.

But they were terrorised by fear and paralysed by disunion. Because they did not hang together they were hanged separately. That is the stern lesson for the future.

Flocking to Our Side

There is another and kindred reflection. It relates to the neutrals who now that victory is near are demonstrating their sympathy with the Allied cause in a variety of ways.

Sweden has closed her ports to foreign shipping and has gradually reduced her trade with Germany almost to vanishing point.

War supplies to the enemy have also been cut off by Turkey, Spain, Portugal and Switzerland, with the result that our blockade of Germany has now become almost 100 per cent. effective.

Even Argentina's obstinate "neutrality" has yielded since the discovery by the United States of the vast spy ring working in that country against the United Nations.

It is still the one totalitarian blot upon the solidarity of the American continent, but its hardly concealed sympathy with Germany has not prevented Hitler holding her diplomats as hostages and the two countries are approaching a state of comic opera war.

In another way the neutrals have shown their new spirit. With one exception they have given assurances that they will not harbour the war criminals as political refugees.

The exception is Eire, which, but for the Allies, would to-day be under the benign rule of Hitler's Gestapo. She has declined to refuse the right of asylum to the war criminals, just as she rejected the request of the United States that, in view of the danger to American troops in Northern Ireland, Axis diplomatic missions should not be allowed to remain in Dublin.

But the reflection suggested by the changed attitude of the neutrals is that in modern war there is no such thing as neutrality. The world is one, and if you are not for the right you are against the right.

If there had been no neutrals, the war would have ended two years ago. It has been kept going by the flood of war material that has been poured into Germany for nearly six years through so-called neutral countries.

Wisdom—Too Late

And if the lessons of the war are to be learned, the fact that the neutrals have found wisdom at the end must not obliterate their share in the tragedy. They might have helped to end that tragedy long ago without risk and with real credit.

They have delayed till there is neither risk nor credit. It is necessary to stress the humbug of neutrality if we are to extract the lessons of this war for the guidance of the future.

There is another reason for discussing the neutrals now. The Peace and all that it involves is imminent. In one of his picturesque phrases Mr. Churchill warned the satellites long ago that they "must work their passage home."

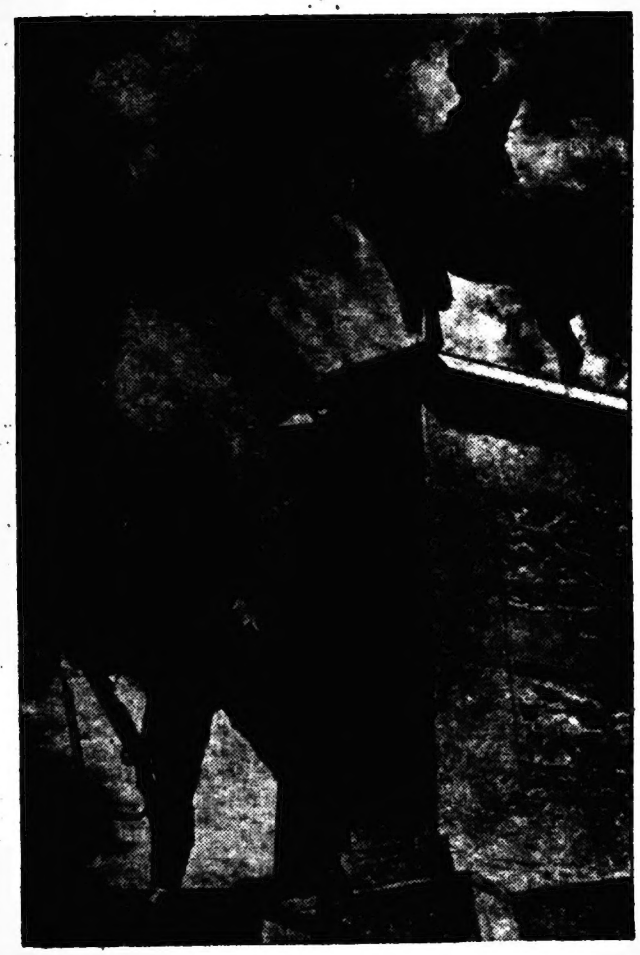
He was not then referring to the neutrals, but we may be sure that some of the neutrals, too, are engaged in "working their passage home." They are hoping to stake out a claim for preferential treatment on the ground that they had a hand in the victory.

This may explain, for example, Argentina's belated and not very convincing repentance. Even Spain—Franco's Spain—which, more than any European country, has made a mockery of neutrality, is a claimant for favours.

Her spokesmen have put forward a suggestion that the neutrals should be represented at the Peace Conference on the ground that they would be impartial, and could contribute usefully to post-war problems. Mr. Law, in the House of Commons, very naturally discouraged these hopes.

The time will come when the real mind of Spain will have its voice in shaping the new World Order. But it will not be at the Peace Conference. Germany will not be there, and her friends will not be there.

When the new World Order is set up, with the Security Council as its executive, the past will be blotted out and the door will be open to all. But the Peace Conference will be restricted to the 46 nations who have saved the liberties of the world and to those who have "worked their passage home."



This group in Ankara symbolises "National Safety." The Turks have not only preserved their security but remained loyal to Britain

Our Real Friends

Whether the latter will include any neutrals remains to be seen. I hope they will. For though neutrality, as we have seen, is a sham, there is a case for discriminating between neutrals.

Turkey is an example in point. Though she for long disappointed expectation in many ways, her loyalty to her understanding with Britain has never been in doubt, and her last-minute declaration of war on Germany has merely consolidated the position she took up when she declared "No Thoroughfare" for Germany early in the struggle.

Moreover, the Peace Conference cannot ignore three cardinal matters—the future of the Balkans, of the Dardanelles and of the Eastern Mediterranean generally—and in all these matters the claim of Turkey to be heard is decisive.

Whether Denmark is regarded as a neutral or a satellite, her heroic struggle entitles her to a seat at the Peace table. And in virtue of her rescue work for Norway and Denmark, as well as in virtue of the key position she holds in the Baltic and among the Scandinavian countries, the presence of Sweden seems called for.

But whatever is done in this matter, the great moral of the war must be driven home. Neutrality, like its fellow, Isolation, is untenable in the modern world.

Isolation brought America to the brink of disaster. Neutrality plunged Europe over the brink. Both must be renounced. For the world is one and peace is indivisible.

JOHN BULL Short Story

MISS ANGEL *Saved* The Emerald

When Mr. Jones added a large emerald to his show-case, nobody imagined such a prize would find a buyer in the small town—but the stone had an admirer and did not remain in the window

by MARION C. SNOW

ILLUSTRATED BY HOROWICZ

MISS ANGEL WAS ARRANGING a new display in the window of Jones, Brown and Jones, jewellers, High Street, Middlesbury. Every morning Miss Angel came in at eight fifty-five. She took the brown dust-covers off the counter, folded them up and put them away.

At nine o'clock she took out of the safe the trays of reliable watches and medium-priced diamonds, and placed them in the window. She had been doing this for more than thirty years.

Probably there was a senior Mr. Jones and a Mr. Brown somewhere. For all practical purposes, however, Miss Angel was Jones, Brown and Jones. You opened the door and there was Miss Angel, smoothly waved, grey hair and thin shoulders, behind the counter, as dependable as the goods she sold.

Then "young" Mr. Jones came back from a business trip to London with the fantastic, wonderful gems to be put in the window.

Humph, thought Miss Angel, who in Middlesbury could afford a ruby necklace or a ring with an emerald as big as that?

She pushed aside two watches and arranged the necklace. Then she moved one of the diamond rings and reached for the emerald to set in its place. It was pretty, she mused. She slipped it on her finger and admired the play of green fire against her white hand. Miss Angel had pretty hands, long and slender.

It looks nice, she thought. Then she took it off and placed it carefully in the open space below the necklace. "Who am I to be trying on emeralds?" she asked the empty shop.

Kitty Dalton dropped in on her way home.

"My goodness" she said as she eased herself into a chair, "Is Jimmy Jones mad? Does he hope to sell anything like that in Middlesbury?"

"I don't know," answered Miss Angel. "Perhaps an American will buy them."

"Aren't they lovely," said her friend. "I'd never trust myself with that emerald in reach all day."

Miss Angel smiled. She never thought of the things she sold in terms of herself. But when she put the jewellery back in the window she held the ring a little longer before she set it down and then changed its position twice.

For the next few weeks, everyone who came in asked to see the new stones, and Miss Angel had them on the counter on an average of twice a day.

Once, with a quick glance at the top of Mr. Brown's head bent over his books, she slipped the ring on her hand. It was a bit loose, but it could be altered. What was she thinking about! All her savings wouldn't pay for half of it. Hurriedly she put it back.

One day she wore it as she took the trays back to the safe and put on her hat before the mirror. The men of the firm had always gone by four forty-five, and it was her duty to take the display out of the window, drape the dust-sheets over the two glass cases in the shop, and lock the door before getting the five-ten bus.

That night she left the safe door ajar while she went to put on her hat. She stood in front of the mirror, turning her hand to catch the reflection of the big square of green, and for the minute her shabby old musquash coat became sables. Then she came back to realism. With a sigh she drew the jewel off, slammed the safe door, and put out the lights After that, however, it became a part of the ritual of closing the shop.

One night she lingered too long and the bus drew up while she was putting on her hat. The driver honked and stopped at the corner. She thrust her head out of the door to scream "Coming!" then turned back to slam the safe door, grab her purse and run.

It was only after she had dropped into her seat and was drawing on her gloves that she realised that the emerald was still on her finger.

What could she do now with the time lock on the safe set till nine o'clock tomorrow morning? Nothing but keep the ring all night.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she locked herself into her flat. She considered a safe place to hide the jewel. First she put it in her trinket box. Then she took it out again because, if a thief should break in, that would be the first place he would look.

Not much chance of a thief in her shabby little rooms. Nevertheless, she hid it in the bread tin behind the milk bottles and the biscuit tin.

SHE WAS HALF-WAY through her supper when Mrs. Collins from an adjoining flat knocked and asked if she might borrow some bread.

"Don't stop," she said. "I'll get it. I know where you keep it."

Miss Angel couldn't speak. Mrs. Collins had her fingers on the lid of the bread tin before she could melt the lump in her throat. "I'm sorry," she blurted out, "but I've only got what's on the table. Take what you want."

Of course, Mrs. Collins refused, and said that Mrs. Duncan upstairs would probably have some. But Miss Angel imagined that she gave her a queer look as she went out.

She took the ring out of the tin and hid it in her work-box in the second drawer. Thieves didn't look for needles and thread. Still she took no comfort

As she hurried in, she found the partners already there with the insurance man

in her possession of the jewel that night, and she couldn't settle to read her library book.

Finally, she went to bed. She tossed and turned for two or three hours, and just as she was dozing off sat up with a start. Suppose there should be a fire and she should forget the ring in her panic? Trembling, she took it out and put it in her purse. And with the purse under the pillow and her hand on the purse she fell asleep.

NEXT MORNING she was more sensible, but she wasn't easy till the ring was in the window once more. Never again she said to herself, and it was a week before she could even look at it, as she took it back and forth.

Then one day she dropped it, and when she picked it up the old desire came back to feel it against her hand.

That evening as she sat by the wireless she thought of the ring as lonely, locked away in the dark safe.

She got up and went to the dressing-table and looked over her gloves. She selected an old pair of chamois, cut off the wrist of one, and made a little bag. In her work-box she found a piece of tape long enough to go round her neck and come well down under her blouse. The next night when she came home she wore the emerald in the little bag.

For the following two or three months the emerald lived a double life. From nine in the morning till five at night it rested regally in the case.

After five, the ring became like the ring in a fairy tale, which, if you put it on and shut your eyes, would instantly transport you wherever you wished. As soon as she had a meal, and washed the dishes, she slipped it on and sat down by the wireless. With the ring against her hand, the room was transformed to the imagined richness of a box at the opera.

Then one morning Miss Angel got off the bus to find a crowd about the shop and two blue-coated policemen keeping the curious out. As she hurried in, she found the partners already there with the insurance man.

The safe stood gaping, black and vacant. Papers were lying about on the floor among the empty trays. The shop had been robbed.

Her first reaction was one of triumph. She had saved the emerald! She pictured herself something of a heroine. But how could she explain having it in her possession?

Slowly she let the little bag drop back under her blouse. After all, who would know that the emerald was not part of the loot? Even if the jewels were recovered, no one would suspect that it had not been among them originally, unless she chose to tell. She would decide later. The rest of the day she went about her duties in a trance.

When she got home that evening, she sat down in her chair by the table and took out the ring. She slipped it on her finger and let the light from the lamp play on the stone. There it was, green and lovely, and it could be hers for ever. She need never put it back.

This time, she decided, she would wear it all night, the first time it was hers to keep.

Suddenly she sat right up in bed. Thief! Who had called her thief? Then she realised that she had been dreaming. Someone had called her thief in her dream. She lay back on her pillow. Who was it?

Slowly she began to know who it was. It was her own conscience. Yes, she was a thief if she kept this beautiful thing. After thirty years she had turned thief. A sharp pain came into her chest.

Finally, she decided to send it secretly through the post in an anonymous package.

When she entered the shop next morning she felt easier in her mind. She hummed lightly as she took off the dust-covers and put them away. She got out the box of new stock which had come yesterday and started checking it. She was halfway down the list when the

rtners came in. They wore an air restrained excitement. Mr. Brown s even smiling. Young Mr. Jones had shabby, black leather bag under his m. He stopped a minute by her desk. "Good news," he said, patting the bag. The police have recovered our roperty."

Miss Angel glowed with pleasure. verything was coming out right.

"Unfortunately," he went on, "it isn't l here, but most of it is."

Of course it wasn't all there. Miss ngel knew well enough what was issing.

"But Scotland Yard is trying to ace. . ."

Miss Angel heard no more. Her body ood there listening, but her mind istened on that word "trace." How uld she post the ring if Scotland Yard re working to trace it?

"There will have to be another in- ntory before this can be returned to ock," she heard Mr. Jones saying in s kindly voice. "I'm afraid it will ean extra work for you."

She heard her own voice replying uch too loudly: "I'll be glad to do it. shan't mind at all."

TAKE YOUR TIME," he said, and went on into the inner office. She won- red if there was anything else missing. the ruby was there. Or if the erald was the only piece they would find.

What was there now that she could ? Would she have to wear the stone und her neck for the rest of her life? ould she never be free from the erald until she died?

It was while she was typing the list at afternoon that she had her bold ea. Suppose she put the emerald in th the rest? Suppose she just added e ring and slipped it into the bag? ow could anybody prove anything, hatever he thought? But why need ybody think anything?

She gave a quick glance towards the r of the shop, then picked up a paper ife and ripped a little hole in the ing of the bag. She rubbed it a nute to make it look frayed and worn. ring could have slipped through a slit e that and have been overlooked.

She finished the inventory and took e papers to Mr. Jones. Then she rted arranging the pieces of jewellery their old places in the window. Half hour late Mr. Jones called: "Miss gel."

She went over to his desk.

YOU HAVE MADE a mistake here, a natural one perhaps since the neck- e and ring came together. You will tice, however, that the emerald was returned with the rest of the stolen ods. You had better check the list ain very carefully before we submit to the insurance company. Enter the ssing articles separately."

But, Mr. Jones, the emerald was ere."

Impossible, Miss Angel. It is, of rse, one of the first things we looked since it was one of the most valuable ces in stock. It was not in the bag."

Well, it is in the window now—you n see it for yourself."

Mr. Jones hurried to the window, red in astonishment, then called Mr. own. They might not believe their s, but it was a fact that the emerald in the window.

They talked and talked, but they ays came back to one point; there the emerald. They would never be e to explain it to their satisfaction, they would never guess the truth. o, after all, it had turned out to be y simple, Miss Angel told herself, as rode home on the bus. All that rry and then just to drop it in so ily. Just to use her head instead of ing herself become so frightened. An maxim of her mother's came to her d. "What you worry about most never ppens." Well, this would not happen in. She would see to that.

t was three weeks before she took emerald home again.

LAMBETH WALK-IN

Here is the truth about the "temporary homes" for the bombed-out, reported by HARRY FOWLER, after an on-the-spot investigation. A few miserable steel huts will not meet JOHN BULL'S insistent demand for real houses in adequate numbers

Mrs. Hunt, wife of a soldier serving overseas, moves into her new home

Here is the Government's answer to the nation's immense housing shortage—a monstrous dump of inconvenient huts which lack even an indoor lavatory

WITH A FANFARE of publicity, and with the Mayor of Lambeth to welcome them, thirteen bombed-out families moved last week into huts of the Nissen type.

There was another hut available for a fourteenth family which did not arrive. All these huts—there is to be a whole colony of them—have been constructed by American troops who have been working on the site at Loughborough Road, Brixton, since before Christmas.

I made a tour of the settlement on the day these families moved into their new homes. And I found those Nissen huts to be the worst sub-standard dwellings that I have ever seen. Even after making allowances for war time conditions, it is little short of scandalous that people should be expected to live in them.

Models of Inconvenience

The huts have low, curved asbestos roofs, with end walls of brick. There are two small bedrooms and a combined living room-cum-kitchen which has no dividing wall or partition. There is little cupboard space, and no place for a perambulator except in the kitchen or outside the hut.

There are no bathrooms or lavatories. But there are communal lavatories built in sections of four at a little distance from the huts. Which means that on a dark, wet night each member of a family would have to seize a torch and brave the weather.

There is no convenience for the housewife to do her household washing—a necessity in working-class homes. One woman said she had been told that if she does her washing it must not be hung out on a line, but must be kept out of sight. I saw one mangle parked outside a hut, where it will soon accumulate rust. Coal supplies must be kept in a small dustbin-like container.

In short, these huts at Loughborough Road are a perfect example of how not to deal with the emergency housing problem.

A "Home" at any Cost

They are said to cost about £600 (I could not confirm this figure, for the officials are coy on the subject), and are let at 10s. a week each.

Land is wasted because their valuable building sites could have housed many more families. Moreover, dwellings of two or more floors, prefabricated or brick, could probably have been erected almost as quickly as the huts, which are designed to stand for only two years.

Of course the hut-dwellers are relieved to have some sort of roof over their heads.

Mr. and Mrs. Bull, with one child, had their home blasted last September, and had since been living in one room at the house of a relation. They are glad to have "a little place of their own—even if it is a hut."

Mrs. J. Spurrell, a woman of eighty-one, was crying gently. She had been bombed out of her home, which stood on this same site in 1940, and was moved to tears by her pleasure at getting back to Loughborough Road.

Mrs. Breed, wife of a soldier serving in Italy, has one child aged twelve months, and since being blasted had been living with relatives. "Nice to have a little place of my own," she said.

Three other families told me much the same sort of story. Since losing their homes they had been living inconveniently in the houses of relatives, and were glad to move.

But—shouldn't we give them real reason for pleasure? Do they not deserve real homes?

So far the Government has produced no effective or far-sighted plan to secure adequate housing during the immediate post-war years.

Months of Publicity

Up to the end of September, 1944, German bombs had damaged 202,000 houses beyond repair. In addition, 255,000 had been damaged and rendered uninhabitable. Over 4,000,000 were damaged but not rendered uninhabitable.

Lord Woolton, Minister for Reconstruction, emphasised that normal house building had ceased for five years. "About 1,755,000 houses would have been built if it had not been for the war."

There is a further cause of the housing shortage, apart from bomb damage and the cessation of normal building activity. This is the enormous increase in the number of separate families. There have been over 1,000,000 marriages since war began, and each of these has a right to expect separate living accommodation.

Mr. Willink, Minister of Health, has said that, at the end of the war, there will be an immediate need for 1,000,000 houses. But he holds out little hope that such a programme could be accomplished for some years.

Indeed, at the end of the first year after the defeat of Germany, the Government plans to have only 100,000 new houses built or "in process of building."

After months of publicity about the Portal house, Mr. Willink told an astonished House of Commons on December 8, 1944, that this steel bungalow would not be in production until after the war. Moreover, the number of prefabricated bungalows completed in a period of six months amounted to only 902!

Secret and Vague

Miss Megan Lloyd George, M.P., justifiably protested that the nation had "been led up the garden path." My own view, after making extensive inquiries, is that we are still being led in the same direction.

Let us survey the main facts. The Government has decided on the construction of prefabricated huts (I decline to describe those of the Portal type as houses). How many of these prefabricated huts have been scheduled for production, and for erection? How many sites have been procured?

Ask these questions of the various Government Departments, as I have done, and you get a series of vague answers laced with hesitation and secrecy. They add up to nothing in particular.

Greatest Task of All

The plain fact is that only a dribble of prefabricated huts is coming from the manufacturers, and planned production of large quantities is not in sight. Indeed, there is no indication that the Government has made up its mind whether to concentrate on the temporary Portal type, the Phœnix, the Uni-Seco, the Arcon V, the Tarran, the Orlit, or on other types of prefabricated houses which will have a life of fifty years or so.

I suggest that the Government should reconsider its present vague plans, and remember that permanent houses cannot be built for many years if housing sites are littered with temporary dwellings.

Housing will be the most important of all post-war tasks. Any Government that fumbles with it will be lost.

Free Speech

REHOUSING LESSONS FROM STALINGRAD

The time to cheer is after victory. Do children need toys? Let's learn Russian instead of Latin. A reader wants a new National Anthem. Permits for furniture

PERHAPS IT WOULD have helped the Government over our housing problem if Mr. Duncan Sandys had had a few words with the leader of the Soviet delegation to the recent T.U.C. Conference. He came from Stalingrad and could explain how it was possible that 40,000 houses have been built since the city's siege, while, at the same time, the Red Army has advanced over 1,000 miles, hitting the Hun all the way.—L. R. SANDLAND, Holly Cottage, Bucklebury Slade, near Reading, Berks.

Messages for P.O.W. in East

I WONDER IF MANY of your readers know that it is possible to have a message broadcast to prisoners of war in Japanese hands? My father has just sent one. He obtained a form from the Red Cross, completed and returned it to them, later receiving a telegram stating that the message was being sent out that evening at a certain time from Delhi.—Mrs. H. E. THORPE, 1, Church Lane, Beighton, near Sheffield.

Comics in Conference

THE decision of the Variety Artistes' Federation to impose a ten-year ban on Germans and Japanese suggests that some British performers are unworthy of the title. I wonder these comics in conference didn't go the whole hog and press for a veto by British musicians on works by Bach, Beethoven, and other "tainted" composers.—TREVOR WADSWORTH, 112, Hawton Lane, New Balderton, Newark, Notts.

Cold Comforts

THE RED CROSS and other kind people in Britain send us scarves, gloves and socks to give us some comfort in the winter. The commanding officers in my

area have decreed that we must not wear scarves as they make us look untidy. If we are caught with an extra pair of socks they are confiscated. —"SERGEANT," C.M.F. (Full address supplied.)

Toys "Undesirable"

PEOPLE MOAN ABOUT the lack of toys for children. In many ways I think it is a good thing. It develops a child's self-reliance and originality to have to invent his own games and make his playthings, instead of relying on ready-made articles—of which, incidentally, he soon tires.—"NURSE," Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Sirens as Clocks

HARWORTH COLLIERY in Nottinghamshire, now uses its air-raid siren as a buzzer to let the colliers know the time. It's a bit of economy I suppose, but at least one evacuee was startled with unpleasant memories, even though it was the All Clear that sounded.—H. J. SWIFT, Church Street, Bawtry, Yorks.

Don't Trust the Packet

HOW RIGHT YOUR article was about seeds (JOHN BULL, 24.2.45). My experience is that the more highly coloured the picture on the packet, the more disappointing the seeds. The majority of seed merchants are no doubt honest, but it is my misfortune to have dealt with others. Last season I grew some very fine collections of weeds from seeds in

packets which portrayed super-flowers in gorgeous colours.—H. F., 4, Grasmere Road, Streatham, S.W.16.

Wait for It

WHEN THE ALLIED INVASION of the continent was well under way last June, many of our politicians and others more or less told us that the war was practically over. Shortly afterwards we Southern Englanders had two months of hell. Now that the war news is again splendid, with the fall of Berlin imminent, let us hope that similar optimists will remain muzzled. We are willing to wait until Germany is properly beaten before we rejoice too much.—R. W. TUCK, 14, Carleton Avenue, Wallington, Surrey.

Post-War Pay-Off

THE ARTICLE ON the Services' war gratuities by Emanuel Shinwell, M.P., (JOHN BULL, 24.2.25), showed many of the unfairnesses of the Government's scheme. Here is the position which will arise in our family.

Three of my four sons have been in the Services since the beginning of the war. One of them is an officer, one a sergeant, and one a trooper. So all three will come out of the Services with different amounts. Gratuities should be on a basis of rewards for service, not for rank. —Mrs. H. M., Perth. (Address supplied.)

Bright Intervals

PEOPLE SAY "Troubles never come singly." Nor do happinesses—if you look at it that way.—Miss F. GREEN, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.

Discussion Continues

MY RECENT letter ("Free Speech," 20.1.45) about Communists has brought me replies for and against. For the benefit of those who misunderstood me, may I say that I was only criticising the type, found as often in the haunts of high society as in East End public-houses, who fondly imagines he has only to chant the Red Flag as a magic introduction to a life of leisure and luxury. How long would such back-sliding antics be permitted in a régime as ruthlessly efficient as Marshal Stalin's?—ROY ELLIOTT, 1, Whitby Avenue, Ingrave, Essex.

Brush Up Our Russian

AS THE FUTURE of world peace will probably depend on good relations between Russia and the English-speaking countries, I would suggest encouraging the teaching of Russian in schools. When the new Education Act comes into effect and more children stay longer at school, it should be possible to introduce Russian into the curriculum, substituting it for Latin or Greek if necessary.—Miss V. GEORGE, 15, Wellington Road, Bilston, Staffs.

Spirit of the Legion

LATELY I JOINED the British Legion, but never bothered to go to meetings. Soon after, I had one or two spells of illness. Can you imagine how small I felt when the Legion secretary came round and asked: "Is there anything we can do to help?" I thought this kind of comradeship died in 1918.—S. WOOD, 91, High Road, Willenhall, Staffs.

Care at the B.B.C.

NOT LONG AGO I was a spectator at the "back room" preparations for one of the B.B.C.'s Welsh Half Hours. I was amazed at the skill of the technicians, the patience of the musical director, and the general thoroughness.

I was, therefore, disgusted to read the piffing criticism of the B.B.C. by your Sheffield reader ("Free Speech," 10.2.45). He should remember that the B.B.C. caters for super-critics as well as ordinary fellows like myself, and well do they accomplish their task of trying to please everybody.—ELIAS EVANS, 116, Tyla Celyn Road, Penygraig, Rhondda, Glamorganshire.

New National Anthem

WE SHOULD HAVE a new national anthem to celebrate peace. The music of our present one is not sufficiently inspiring. And the words assume that our country will always be having to fight wars.—D. NORMAN, 107, Salisbury Road, Barnet, Herts.

W.L.A. Cinderellas

IT WAS ABOUT TIME the Land Army had a champion like Lady Denman. We are classed as neither civilians nor Servicewomen. We are denied entry to various Forces' canteens. We have one leave of seven days a year. Now the gratuities scheme passes us by. After the war we are expected to return our uniforms and will not have a grant for civilian clothes.

We are used to being called the Cinderella of the Services, but it's time a Prince Charming—in the shape of a Government official with some sense—came along.—MARGERY CROMPTON, 49, Abbott's Crescent, Highams Park, E.4.

Day Nurseries

IN "ARGUMENT" (JOHN BULL, 24.2.25) you say that the Ministry of Health proposes to close day nurseries when peace comes—as if the need for them will be turned off like a tap. Many mothers, and thousands of young widows, will go on working after the war. Others lucky enough to return to their homes will still want days off from domestic duties. In both cases the continuance of day nurseries is essential to their peace of mind.

The knowledge that the children are

safe in expert hands allows the mother to work or relax without a nagging worry at the back of her mind. More important, the children taken to nurseries mix with companions of their own age, learn to share any toys there may be, and have a properly regulated day planned for them—things they might not get at home or when left to the care of neighbours.

Day nurseries have proved their worth—don't let them go now.—Mrs. M., Scarborough, Yorks.

Inhuman "Deserter" Law

CONGRATULATIONS ON the fine article by Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., on the inhuman law which penalises a woman for sheltering a deserter husband or son. I am proud to be a reader of a paper which gives space to such Christian principles.

Every sane person feels that this law is ridiculous and cruel. No one blamed the Egyptian mother for hiding her boy in the bullrushes. Then why blame a British wife or mother for hiding her husband or son in the attic? What would people think of the wife who took her deserter husband in and then called the police?—R. L. DUNSTAN (*Methodist Lay Preacher*), 2, Prisk's Terrace, Four Lanes, Redruth, Cornwall.

"Little Man's" Champion

IF AN EMPLOYER has two applicants for a job, both of equal ability and qualifications, he always seems to choose the taller one. Why?

It is time this height complex was debunked. For the past five and a half years height has not been a determining factor, except in extreme cases, so far as the ability to exterminate Nazism is concerned.—D. L., Govanhill, Glasgow.

House—No Furniture

IT IS TIME the system of issuing permits for Utility Furniture was overhauled. My wife and I were recently fortunate enough to get a house. The same day I sent in the form for permits. That was three weeks ago. I have so far had no reply—and I am still paying rent for the house.

The local Cooperative Stores tell me that, even when a permit is obtained, they will not be able to deliver furniture for about three weeks because they are only allowed stock for show purposes. So this means at least six weeks' rent for nothing.—A. E. COOPER, 64, Cooper Street, Leicester.

Food for Thought

THE MORE I TALK with fellow-diners in restaurants, the more convinced I am that it is the quick eaters who are the quick workers physically, but it is the slow eaters who have the quick versatile brains. In fact, the slower the eater, the quicker the brain.—"MODERATE EATER," Bath, Somerset.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

"Little Three" Conference

"ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!" said the German radio, and the Little Three decided to continue their conference in the sumptuous shelter two miles underground.

"Just between ourselves," said Hitler, "I'm beginning to think something went wrong with our plan."

"Heil, Hitler!" said Goebbels.

"I realise now," went on Hitler, "that I should not have invaded Poland. I should have invited Chamberlain and his umbrella to a nice, cosy little chat. I should have proved to him that the wicked Bolsheviks were plotting to seize all the British money in Poland and, according to Communist ideas, divide it equally among the Russian people. I should then have shown him how, under German rule, British investments would be safe, and told him that we would even tip off the financiers if we were likely to do anything to cause their stocks and shares to rise or fall in value."

"Then we could have occupied Poland peacefully, and combined with Britain to invade Russia and stop their evil designs," said Goering.

"AFTER THAT," said Goebbels, "we could have persuaded America that Russia was allying herself with Japan, and that the only safe course was to invest American money in German armaments."

"However, it's never too late to mend," said Hitler. "Now, Goebbels, how are you getting on with persuading Argentina to declare war on us?"

"Pretty well," answered Goebbels. "But I'm sorry they have 'frozen' the money we deposited there."

"That doesn't matter, my dear Goebbels," said Hitler. "You forget that, thanks to Senor Blumenblizter, the necessary papers will soon be through and we shall all three be given Argentine nationality."

"Then," said Goering, "when the Argentine declares war on us, we shall be on the side of the United Nations."

"The British and Americans might want to try us for collaborating with the Germans but I don't think there is much danger of that," said Goebbels. "In any case, I can persuade the Big Business boys that they will lose all the money they have made out of the war if they don't keep us to advise them on the rebuilding of Germany."

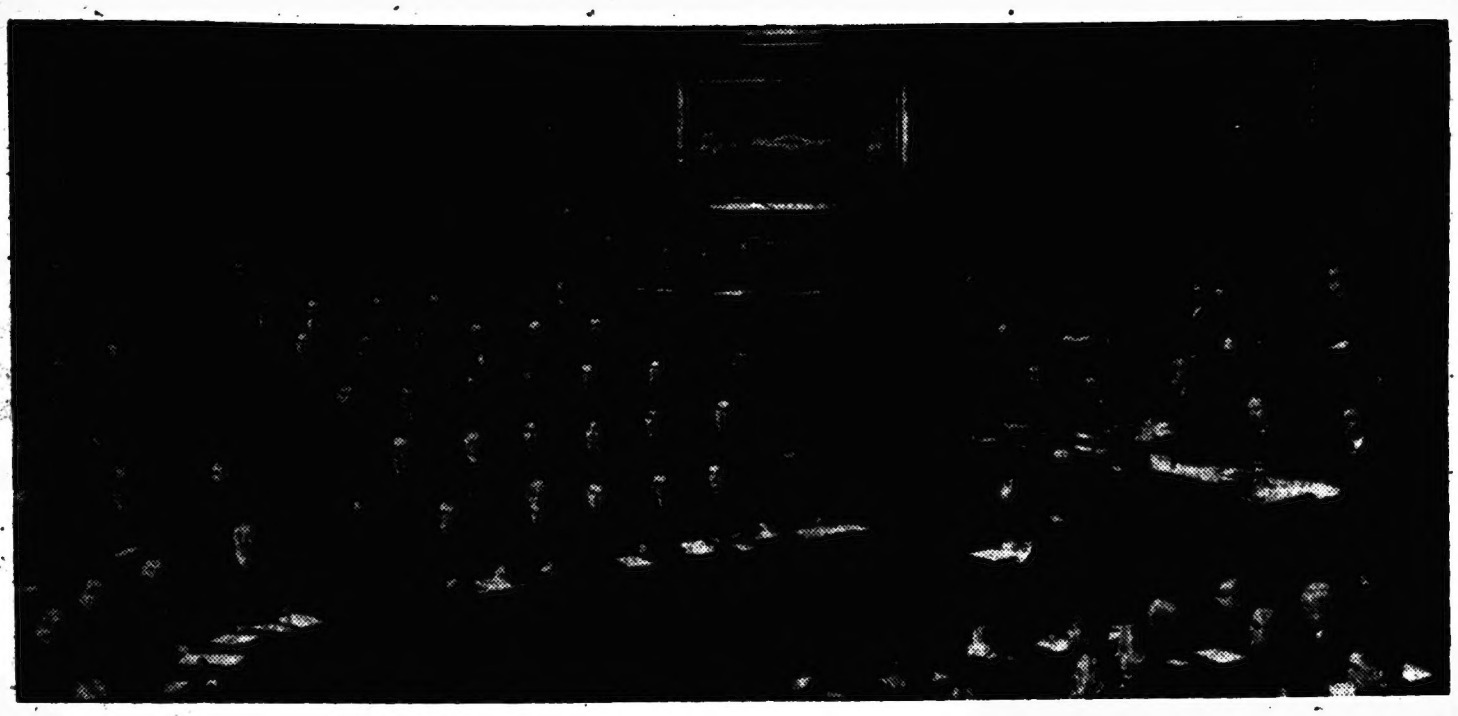
"IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT, owing to the Red Army, the ordinary people seem to like the Russians now," said Goering.

"It won't take very long to change that," said Goebbels. "I'll run a nice little campaign in certain newspapers in Britain and America. A few stories of Russian atrocities against British soldiers in German prisoner-of-war camps taken by the Red Army will make a good beginning. Then we can say that, in Russian-occupied countries, they are communising women. After that, no British housewife will feel safe."

"A mild panic could be engineered on the Stock Exchange," said Hitler. "Business men will believe anything when it looks as if they will lose money. And perhaps a rumour that the co-op is controlled from the Kremlin and intends to ruin the small shopkeeper."

"What a ramp," said Goering.

"Send out to the Rathaus for six secretaries," said Hitler. "I am going to start my new book, *Mein Rampf*. I shall tell the world exactly what I intend to do. As last time, they won't believe me and will be taken off their guard. Hell, the Brave New Underworld!"



London sets an example to other cities and towns with the impressive County Hall—meeting place of the London County Council here seen in session

Make YOUR Voice Heard

It's everyone's business and privilege to show interest in local politics. There's no virtue in criticising the choice of others; we should use our vote and fight for our own choice

IT IS A REMARKABLE fact that in Britain, where we talk a great deal about the privileges of democracy, many people have little idea how to use those privileges. Some do not even know they exist.

The result is that people tend to say: "What can I do about it anyway—I never get a hearing."

That may be true nationally during the electoral truce. But every man gets a chance to talk locally, in his own constituency, providing he knows the ropes.

A booklet called *Local Government and Civil Liberty*, by Elizabeth Allen, has just been published by the National Council for Civil Liberties, at sixpence. It shows just how the working man can make his voice heard.

There have been many criticisms of the local government of Britain, and plans are being made to bring its ancient machinery up to date.

This booklet shows the part we, ourselves, can play. Anyone interested in making democracy work should consider it his duty to read it.

The book is not a dry recital of dull by-laws. Instead, many of the privileges of democracy are shown at work in local battles between public-spirited men and women and hide-bound councils.

Before the war the Guildhall of the city of Gloucester was not available for political meetings, but there were two other halls which were regularly used. When war came, one of the halls was bombed and the second taken over for

war purposes. This left the citizens of Gloucester without a public meeting place.

The Parks Committee banned open-air meetings, and the Technical College was for educational subjects only. Even so, the people found a small co-operative hall and there they spoke their minds freely.

Citizens Won

They maintained that the halls belonged to the citizens of Gloucester, and they had every right to use them. Where was their much-vaunted freedom of speech without a common meeting place? Feeling ran high and they decided to take organised action.

A campaign was set going. Members of the Trade Council, the Amalgamated Engineering Union, and many other bodies formed a special committee. This committee organised a petition calling on the Mayor and his councillors to reopen the Guildhall for public meetings.

The National Council for Civil Liberties also played its part. In April, 1943, the ban on political meetings in the Technical College, the Public Baths and the Parks, was lifted.

The citizens of Gloucester had won. They had demonstrated one powerful form of action which determined citizens can bring to bear on an intractable local council.

What a Few Can Do

The petition, used by Gloucester's citizens, has a smaller brother—the deputation.

When the women of East Elloe, in Lincolnshire, found that they were not to be represented on the Council's Housing Committee, they organised a deputation. Mrs. Lane, spokesman of the deputation, put their case to the chairman of the Housing Committee.

Most of its members agreed with her, and once again a handful of citizens swayed their local government.

But, says the author of *Local Government and Civil Liberty*, there is an important point to remember about deputations. The reception they get is subject to the Standing Orders of the local authority concerned. These Standing Orders deal with the size and character of deputations. They must be consulted before action is taken.

There is a third very important outlet for public opinion in local boroughs. This, however, does not apply universally. It is known as a Town's Meeting.

In some boroughs the local by-laws allow citizens to call a Town's Meeting. In one London borough, fifty ratepayers are sufficient to call one. At such a meeting you can air any serious grievance with, possibly, the Mayor himself in the chair.

There are many other local privileges you can use when the need arises.

You have the right to see the minutes of any meeting held by your local council for a fee not exceeding 1s., providing you are a local government elector.

In March, 1942, the Ministry of Health issued a circular saying that, except for considerations of national security, wherever council meetings concern matters of public interest then they should be held in public. This circular is useful should any local council try to put up a barrier of secrecy.

Often No Opposition

All this may tend to convey the impression that "local democracy" suffers only at the hands of Town Councils and Committees. That is not true.

The worst trouble centres round the ordinary elector, simply because he takes almost no interest in local government elections.

Too often the result is a walk-over for one candidate, because no opposition candidate is put up.

"In the county of Kent in 1934," writes Elizabeth Allen, "out of seventy-three seats, sixty seats were filled by unopposed returns. Before the war, Cornwall had, in sixty-six constituencies, only three contests. Cumberland, with forty constituencies, had no contests at all."

A candidate for the local council can be nominated by a proposer, a seconder and eight other local government electors. It is up to you to decide whether you think some new person should be nominated.

Do not ignore these things! Until people take sufficient interest in local affairs to vote vigorously for a man in whom they believe, there can be very little progress in local government.

VINCENT BROME.

Her Plan for "Bullets" Worked Well

"TWO heads are better than one," thought Mrs. E. B. Varley, when she took up *Bullets*. So she and her husband shared *Bullets* as a hobby and adopted *Bullets Bulletin* as their guide.

Sequel—a £250 Joy Wire to their home at 8, Lentilfield Grove, Lee Mount, Halifax, announcing First Prize for their joint effort, By Their Destruction — Germans "Erected Wall" Forever. *Your* prize this week can be as much as £325 if you enclose 1d. stamped addressed envelope for *Bulletin*.

UP GOES 'Bullets' FIRST!

£300

£25 Extra Cash if you order your 'Bulletin' as directed on coupon.

1,642 OTHER AWARDS

£20, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1, 100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £300 First Prize.

GERMANY'S FATE
ON THE HOUSING FRONT
MOULDING THE FUTURE
HITLER DESERVES
TOMMY'S NEST-EGG
OUT OF THE WRECKAGE
CHANGED MAN
WHITEHALL'S MISTAKE
RACKETEERS
IN HARMONY
WITHOUT EXAGGERATION
AUNTIE SCREAMED AND
TORN TO SHREDS
HOPELESS POSITION
FINISHING TOUCH
GETTING IT HOT
LIKE LOST SHEEP
HE'S OUR M.P., BUT
WEAK AND WATERY
MADE HIM LOOK SILLY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

VICTORY FOR.....
ROUND THE.....
ONLY HER.....
KEPT IN.....
DRIVEN TO.....
WHAT .....HOPES

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,468, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ENTER ON COUPON BELOW —POST BY MON., MAR. 12.

Result 1,464—First Prize £200

L.A.C. WHITFIELD, R.A.F., c/o 7, ASHLEY LANE, KILLAMARSH, SHEFFIELD.

GOOD FOR A HOME "TEAM" THAT "WON AWAY"

£20 : A. C. Robinson, 76, Bull Head Street, Leicester.
Sonny's On Leave, So—"Tasting Civilisation" Again—Lipstick!

£10 : P. H. Lisk, 19, Palmersfield Road, Banstead.
Good For A Time—Germany? Tame For Good!

£5 : A. J. Ward, "Woodlands," Sutherland Avenue, Biggin Hill.
Russian Avalanche—Started From Stalingrad's "Heights."

£4 : W. F. Evans, 3A, The Terrace, Barnes, S.W.13.
In His Old Age—"Tittie" He'll Prefer, "Winnie."

£3 : Mrs. E. Cox, 55, Ainslie Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
While The Guns Roar—"God's House" Shaken, Too.

6 Prizes of £2 :
R. J. Bailey, "Malvern," Whittlesey Rd., Peterborough.
All Through The Night—"Alerts" After Stork's "Raid"!
W. Belson, 53, William Street, Oxford.
Sonny's On Leave, So—Slight "Lull," Savings "Front."
J. W. Henshaw, 12, Wrightson Avenue, Doncaster.
Not Too Reliable—German "Clockwork," Eleventh Hour.
K. Kaye, 17, Glebe Rd., Huddersfield.
Following Father's Goose-steps—Unless Hitler Youth "Hobbled."
B. Schofield, 71, Irwin Rd., St. Helens.
Not Too Steady—Dad, Singing "Steady, Boys——"
Sgt. J. Smith, R.A., 15, Howard Av., Rochester.
Brotherly Love—Where The Rocket Ends.

A list of 50 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES & CAKES WON IN CROSSWORD 416. WINNING WORDS: 1. Tender. 2. Brine or Briny. 3. Lock. 4. Chair. 5. Horse. 6. Show. 7. Gab. 8. Teas. 9. Lane. 10. Roses. 11. Chest. 12. Leg. 13. Scars. 14. Toll.
450 SHARERS: B. J. Jones, Wells Villa, Altwalls; Miss D. M. White, 13, Hamilton Rd., Oxford; K. A. Woodward, 162, Warnsworth Road, Balby. 41 Runners-up Awards including Cakes.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated March 31, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets."

2 FREE BULLETS For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No.....
"BULLETS" No. 1,468

Signed.....
Address.....
.....

For MAR. 24 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

HINTS TO A SHY CHAIRMAN

Our schools confuse an Irish teacher. Not the time to sell his house. His job or his personality should be changed

"MY HUSBAND HAS been asked to take the chair at a meeting, but he is fighting shy of it. I know he would like to do it if he wasn't so afraid of making a fool of himself over the procedure to be followed.

"Can you give him one or two tips? How long ought he to speak when introducing the speaker? Ought he to lead the way on to the platform or should he let the speaker precede him? Any hints you can give will be welcome."

Your husband should find out beforehand if there is anything the speaker will need, such as a blackboard, a pointer, or pencil and paper, for example. Punctually at the advertised time he should lead the way to the platform. His opening speech should not last more than two or three minutes. His function is to welcome the speaker and say something about him. What he should not do is to air his views on the subject of the lecture. By doing this he may queer the pitch for the speaker himself.

At the end of the lecture your husband may have to propose a short vote of thanks or he may call upon a member of the audience to do so. The procedure which is followed will have been arranged beforehand, so that if a member of the audience is to speak he will be asked in advance and can prepare a short speech. If the meeting is a formal one, the proposer of the vote of thanks will probably be on the platform, too.

"I AM A GRADUATE of the National University of Ireland and have had three years' teaching experience in Ireland. I wish to take up teaching here in Britain, but I find it very difficult to understand the classification of schools. Perhaps you can help me with such terms as council schools, junior, primary, secondary, and so on."

Schools controlled by the State through local authorities are often called Council Schools. They are divided into infants, junior (or primary), senior (or secondary), and central. Secondary schools under the new Education Act will be divided into three groups—modern, technical, and grammar.

There are also many schools built by the churches, over which they have partial control, although the State pays most of the expenses. These are also primary, secondary, etc., as in the above list.

The public schools are endowed and independent of the State. Many of the old grammar schools are not State-aided, and in return for a subsidy from the Government they accept a number of children who have won scholarships.

"MY WIFE AND I started buying our house through a Building Society before the war. Owing to increases in our family we are finding it difficult to keep up the payments. In fact, we owe about £15 and can't seem to scrape enough together to pay it off.

"If the Building Society turns us out for not keeping up our payments we shall have nowhere to go. We have been thinking of selling the house, paying our debts, and then renting another

one. My wife has suggested going to a moneylender. It is very worrying."

You seem to be building up a mountain of anxiety by worrying over all the side-issues of your debt. The Building Society has not threatened to turn you out, has it? You are not being forced to sell the house in order to pay the £15, are you? Indeed, it would be foolish to sell it, because you would find it almost impossible to find equally good accommodation, and, with prices as they are now, you would have to pay a very much higher rent, and so you would merely add to your running expenses.

Do not on any account go to a moneylender—you would merely be in debt to him instead of to the Building Society. You would certainly find a moneylender less accommodating and his interest rates higher.

I would suggest that you should make a really determined effort to set aside a small sum each week specially for the discharge of the debt. It will mount up in time, and you can repay the debt in several instalments. If, however, you feel you must get the debt off your conscience immediately, isn't there something which you could sell, such as some unnecessary furniture, instead of parting with the whole house?

"I AM A MARRIED MAN, aged thirty-six. I am employed by a Friendly Society as an insurance agent, but suffer from constant anxiety about getting the new business which the Society expects.

"I am of a bashful, reserved nature, and it goes against the grain to be always asking for business. I feel a heavy cloud over me, and I dread taking my weekly account into the office. I believe my talents lie in handwork or something of a mechanical kind. In fact, if it were not for a hobby of this type I don't know how I should carry on."

As it seems that you don't fit your job, it looks as if either you or the job should be changed! What you need is light work requiring manual skill—the making of wireless parts, optical instruments, repairing of clocks and watches, mechanical toys, or something of that sort. Have you tried to get a job in any of these lines? Labour is short, and you might find yourself placed in work which you really like.

If you are to continue in your present employment you will have to master your shyness and force yourself to become a good mixer. It can be done—with an effort and self-training. The first step is to look outward instead of into yourself. Get interested in other people instead of wondering what they are thinking about you. Shyness is nearly always caused by thinking about oneself and the impression one is making, instead of throwing one's thoughts outwards to other people.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50 — Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. It isn't always easy to stick to one—□ULE. 2. Occasionally an actor regrets fact he is—BOO□ED. 3. Should help a man forward towards goal—□ASS. 4. Steep gradient makes use of this difficult—LAN□. 5. There are times when it's a squeeze to get into—BO□T. 6. Encroachments of sea can make useful land this—I□LE. 7. It's a pretty tough man who always wants it—□EAT. 8. It's a pity war has spoilt a great many school—TE□MS. 9. People generally indulge in these more in hot weather—SWI□S. 10. Soldiers can't properly defend this when enemy's upon them—□IKE. 11. They are far from stern as a rule—BO□S. 12. Some bosses get to work before—□EN. 13. You may get rid of these in garden—A□HES. 14. These frequently lead to punctures—BI□ES.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated March 24 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, March 12.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 420, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 416 is given below "Bullets" Result in column 2.

Elusive Alarm Clocks

M. B., Sandbach: No permit is now required for the purchase of an alarm clock, but the demand is greatly in excess of the supply. Retailers may reserve part of their quota for people engaged in essential work who have to get up at a specific time. You should obtain a letter from your employer to support your statement. If the retailer cannot supply a clock at once he will put your name on a priority list to give you first call on future deliveries.

G. C., Prestwich: The Board of Trade, Raleigh House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1, will consider the question of issuing additional clothing coupons to anybody suffering from a physical disability which imposes excessive wear on clothing.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 61, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IRON for Nerves of Steel

By a Doctor of Science

Strong nerves and an ample reserve of nervous energy are required by the conditions under which we live today, yet few of us realise how much the strength of our nerves may be affected, unfavourably, by an inadequate supply of the mineral nutrient, iron.

The first result of iron-starvation is anæmia, and those who are anæmic tend to suffer more often from nervous disorders. In times of stress the anæmic are more liable to nervous breakdown, including loss of voice.

If you are feeling run-down and nervy—a condition which may be caused or aggravated by iron-starvation—and if you feel generally in need of a tonic, it may be that all you need is *more iron.*

The simplest way to build up your iron-strength is to take a course of an approved and reliable form of medicinal iron.

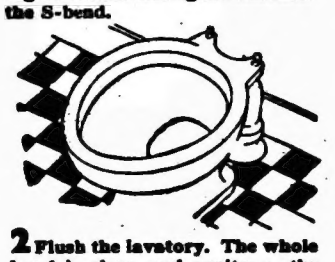
It is essential, however, that the iron should be in the ferrous state (unoxidised) as in IRON 'JELLOIDS,' otherwise it will not be absorbed. The special process employed in the production of IRON 'JELLOIDS' ensures that the iron remains always fresh, easily taken, and readily absorbable.

N.B. For 50 years, IRON 'JELLOIDS' have been known as 'The Reliable Tonic' and if you start taking IRON JELLOIDS' with your next meal, you will soon begin to feel better every day, in every way.

Only the Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2 are available at the present time, price 1/4, which includes Purchase Tax. Although wartime production is restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you.

Specially made to clean the lavatory

1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.



2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

Because it is specially made for cleaning the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration — cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan. Just sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

HARPIC

NOW ON SALE!

MIDDLETON'S GARDENING GUIDE 1945

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY 16 PAGES

Mr. Middleton of Press and B.B.C. has made the 1945 printing more interesting and more useful to all gardeners and allotment holders. This A to Z gardening encyclopaedia sets out a detailed plan of work for every week in the year. Get your copy and make your gardening easier—more interesting and more profitable.

Printing Order is limited so be sure to order your copy early.

Obtainable from all newsagents and booksellers. Price 2/6d.

SHAW PUBLISHING CO. LTD.,
6 CARMELITE ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF

You needn't be dowdy even if you are economising. Thousands of housewives keep their homes and clothes bright and smart simply with Drummer Dyes. You too can get perfect results from home dyeing but make sure you use Drummer Dyes. Try it today—you owe it to yourself to smarten up the colours of which you are so tired.

DRUMMER DYES

IN 25 LOVELY COLOURS—4½d. EACH
Made by makers of Jiffy Dyes, Dolly Cream, Drummer Pine Disinfectant.
Wm Edge & Sons, Ltd. — Bolton.

Nerves and Digestion? ..more Vitamin B

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way, the way that many doctors recommend, is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. There are no drugs in Phillips Tonic Yeast. It is simply *pure LIVE Yeast* in palatable form. And live Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B Vitamins. You will be amazed at the result of this simple, natural way to restore your nervous system. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. Phillips is the *real live* Vitamin Yeast.

A GENTLEMAN writes:

". . . am more than delighted with the results. I am sure it has made a new man of me!—no indigestion, tiredness, or irritability, and I feel a hundred times better, and am positive it is due entirely to your Yeast. My father is a Doctor and he was astounded at the results."

Phillips TONIC YEAST

50 Tablets, 1/3 . . . 150 3/-

No Signs of Indigestion

AFTER ONE BOTTLE OF MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

Sale,

Dear Sirs,

For four years, on and off, I have been subject to indigestion in chronic form . . . Nothing seemed to do me much good.

Last week I tried your mixture and really it was a miracle. From the first dose I had relief and now after one bottle I have no signs of indigestion no matter what I have eaten. I felt I must write and tell you how grateful I feel for this wonderful relief from pain.

Yours faithfully, Mrs. L.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder quickly relieves Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion. Price 2/3 and 5/7½d. (Inc. Tax). *Only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."*

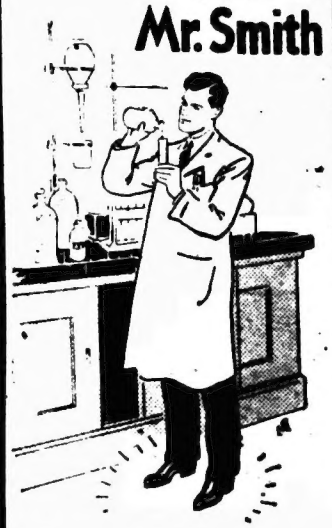
HEADACHE SPEEDILY RELIEVED with PROPAX

DOUBLE POWER TABLETS

STOP PAIN *QUICKLY*

Splendor Ltd., Nottingham & London

When Medical Orderly Smith becomes Mr. Smith



he'll still insist on using

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

to keep his shoes brilliantly smart and waterproof.

Use sparingly, still in short supply.

CB/DO

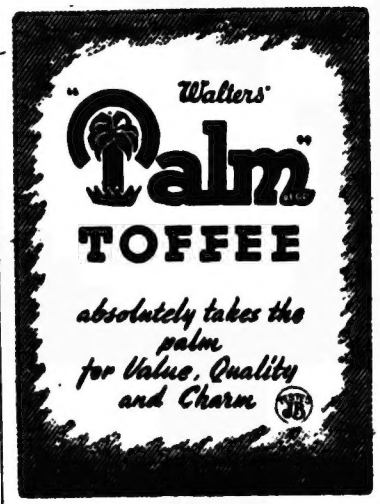
Only the finest Ingredients are good enough for MARS...

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory—and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

Mars

I SMELL BANANAS

What *do* bananas smell like? We've practically forgotten. But our Noses will soon recognise them when Peace comes—unless we've got Catarrh. For a stuffed up Nose *can't* smell. And Catarrh ruins the joy of taste too. Treat Catarrh and Colds the *quick* way — with 'Mentholatum.' Just put a little of this breathable balm inside each nostril. As you breathe, cooling antiseptic vapours are drawn right up through the nose. Their effect is 3-fold. Swelling in the Nose is reduced. Congested air passages are thus opened. Sore, irritated membranes are soothed. *Breathe* your Catarrh or Cold away the modern 'Mentholatum' way. Get a jar or tin of 'Mentholatum' Balm from your chemist to-day 1/5. Also in Liquid form 1/5 (inc. tax).



Keeping Your Youthful Radiance and Charm

CLEAR skin, sparkling eyes, girlish figure—these are possible only when the blood is kept free from impurity and toxic wastes are regularly removed from the system. A regular dose of purely vegetable Bile Beans ensures this.

Bile Beans promote internal well-being. They tone you up, cleanse the blood-stream, gently eliminate digestive food residues. Thus, Bile Beans help to improve health, figure and looks and keep you radiant and youthful—all through the year.

Start To-Night With

BILE BEANS

TRIUMPH OF MODERN SKIN HEALING

SKIN SPECIALISTS prescribe Valderma for serious skin troubles. Eczema, Dermatitis, Rashes, Spots and Pimples are instantly soothed; irritation disappears and the trouble clears up often in only a few days.

VALDERMA IS DIFFERENT because it is an oil-in-water emulsion. This is a great modern advance in scientific skin healing. It allows the antiseptics to get to the root of the trouble more quickly, and pus can escape through it, thus preventing re-infection.

THE DOUBLE ANTISEPTIC ACTION of Valderma is another big advantage. Most skin troubles are due to more than one germ. Valderma contains two powerful, yet soothing antiseptics — each deadly to different groups of bacteria.

DELIGHTFUL TO USE — being white, creamy yet non-greasy, invisible on the skin, Valderma doesn't stain linen and is easy to wash off.

VALDERMA

TWO-IN-ONE ANTISEPTIC BALM

Breakfast oats should be SCOTTISH OATS

JUST as the Canary Isles are famous for their bananas, so Scotland is famous for her Oats. But fortunately, Scott's Porage Oats—pick of the Scottish crop—are not so hard to get as Canary bananas. So remember, when buying oats for breakfast, you should get Scottish Oats — Scott's Oats whenever possible. Taste, and you will see why. When present restrictions are lifted, there will again be enough Scott's Porage Oats for everybody—and, we hope, bananas too.

Scott's *porage* **Oats**

SCOTTISH AND QUICKEST

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

We *don't* keep Nescate up our sleeve. It's just that supplies can't keep pace with ever-growing demand. But be persistent—soon you'll get yours. And then, a spoonful in the cup, near boiling water, and hey presto! A quick cup of fragrant full-flavoured coffee. No bother to make, no bothersome grounds. Just enjoyment of a *good* cup of coffee.

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

IC

On Active Service

Electricity is the supply service to all the armed forces

Electricity builds the weapons of war, transports them to where they are needed, and equips the men who handle them. That is why YOU MUST SAVE FUEL TODAY.

EDA

THIS WIZARD CLEANER

makes

STAINS VANISH

Beaucaire takes away stains and spots like magic and helps you to keep your whole wardrobe fresh and clean and smart. You need have no anxiety about using Beaucaire, it will not harm the most delicate fabric or alter the colour. It leaves no tide-mark or odour and it's safe to use anywhere, because it's guaranteed non-inflammable. Full instructions with every bottle. Obtainable from all stores, drapers and chemists. If any difficulty please write to address below.

Beaucaire

Dry Cleaning Fluid

1/- & 2/- PER BOTTLE

Beaucaire Laboratories, Vauxhall Grove, London, S.W.8.

Constipation can be a very big worry...

Depression is just as much a symptom of constipation as a sick headache—but it is wonderful how quickly a course of Beecham's Pills will put everything right, simply by encouraging a thorough but gentle movement of the bowels. If you are apt to suffer from constipation get some Beecham's Pills today—and look after yourself!

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

• RHYME AND REASON •

Wary Mary's quite contrary
The Squander Bug well knows;
She scorns his vamps
Buys Savings Stamps
Then sticks them down in rows.

BUY SAVINGS STAMPS

BECAUSE:

Buying Savings Stamps at 6d., 2/6 and 5/- is the easy way to save.

They may be exchanged for National Savings Certificates or used to make deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank.

Savings help to win the war.

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Bank Notes

The Chancellor of the Exchequer says

"Too many notes are still being hoarded; it would be very much in the interests both of the hoarders and the State that these surplus notes should be deposited in a bank or invested in war loans."

If you have a bank account, use it, and combine caution with patriotism.

If you have no such account, go to a bank and ask the Manager to help you.

MIDLAND BANK

LIMITED

TONS OF BRISTLES DISPATCHED EACH MORNING

By the softening smoothing soothing lather of

1/6 & 2/6 including Tax

Cadbury quality—and no points

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